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THE FRONT PAGE.

In this and subsequent issues MACK, who is at present travelling through the West and out to the Coast, will contribute articles to this page from points en route. He will make it a point to learn what he can about the newcomers in newer Canada, and will inquire as to how these are fitting into the scheme of things.

EVERYTHING in the Canadian West is done in a big way. There is nothing small about the country or the people. Men make money in chunks and spend it by the lump. The one cent piece has no status west of Lake Superior. If you buy a copy of a daily paper from a newsboy in Winnipeg or Calgary he will always charge you five cents for it; or you can get two or three different papers for the same coin; but both parties to the transaction scorn change. At Moose Jaw I stopped off for half a day and attended the Fair. They called it a Fair, but it was mostly a race meet, and one is rather surprised to find in the booming West the Ontario tendency to put a snug disguise on things. One would expect that if people out here in a big new country of their own making wanted to see some good horse races they would say so, and would get together and race their nags, but they don't—they get up a Fair and have "speeding in the ring." They pretend they are coming out to see big punnkins and croquet doilies. These exhibitions are held all along the line during the slack season before grain cutting, and one finds that little interest is taken in anything but the "speeding," and that a good deal of money is bet on the events in a quiet way. Wherever you go you meet with people who want to bet—on cards, or horses, the speed of a train, or to-morrow's weather. The man who is looking for trouble can find a poker game in almost any town on the line, and he is politely allowed to set the limit. Those who do not play, and who condemn the practice, will tell you about the local game, and while cautioning you to keep clear of it, are unable to conceal their secret pride in the fact that the town can hold its end up even in this respect. In one place a total abstainer told me in a tone of great satisfaction that he supposed there was as much champagne opened in his town as in any place between Winnipeg and the coast. These are among the evidences of prosperity in a new country, and not without significance. A bank manager has just rebuked the people of the West for spending too much money on pianos and cigars, but as you ride in the train and see a ranchman's house, a solitary speck on an illimitable plain, you can readily understand how a piano, an organ, or a music box of some sort would be regarded as an absolute necessity of the home.

When the last race was over at the Moose Jaw Fair there was a rush to get down town, and farmers and their wives and daughters jumped into the busses and paid a quarter each to ride half a mile down hill. Nobody walked who could get a seat to ride in. A similar crowd in Ontario would have considered it a sinful waste to spend money to ride half a mile—especially down hill.

The banks have shut down tight. The object of it is to stop speculation by starving it, and while the object is an excellent one, yet it is to be feared that the remedy is being applied with a severity that will injure much legitimate enterprise. When the banks reach a common agreement to shut down on money, it generally means that the local managers are allowed little, if any, discretion, and are compelled to stop the supplies of concerns that would prove very successful under normal banking conditions, but which go to almost certain destruction if deprived of the leeway that they need and were led to expect from the banks. As a consequence of the new situation there is a migration just now of business men to Winnipeg to interview those higher banking officials who alone have authority to extend credit in any special or large way.

A bank manager told me, but declined to vouch for the accuracy of the story, that such was the land boom at Saskatoon, that if the lots sold by the per foot measure had each been occupied by three persons, the place would have had a population of 325,000. That is going some in the way of a town lot boom! Three years ago the site of Saskatoon was an unbroken prairie. To-day it is a city with a past—and a future that has been discounted too far in advance. But it has its future all the same and it is bound to be a great one. At Regina—which used to be called Pile o' Bones, but does not recall the name unless you mention it—the visitor from the East sees a young city that makes a great impression on him. Before the snow flies Regina is going to be just about the best paved town of its size in Canada. The mud there is nature's glue. They are battering it down, however, and in a few weeks all the business district will be paved and even Winnipeg will require to look to her credit in the matter of street paving. Last year a Toronto man who professed to be a friend of mine tried to sell me a town lot in Regina which, for reasons that do not affect Regina, he did not succeed in doing. In driving about the place it occurred to me as a good idea to work up a sort of landed proprietor's interest in the scenery by viewing the lot which under other circumstances might have belonged to me. It was somewhere near the site of the new provincial parliament buildings. These buildings do not as yet exist, except on the real estate agent's maps, but we found the quarter-section on which they will be erected. It is a very choice quarter-section, and the province of Saskatchewan will there construct a group of buildings that

will be a credit even to so great a province. But the site is as yet but a plain. Away on the horizon, hugging the sky-line, was the lot that might have been mine, somewhere in the clutch of that vast expanse—and a man could not feel a sense of proprietorship in such a lot any more than he could if he were to buy a painful of water somewhere in the middle of Lake Ontario. The prairie lot business has boomed for a year or two, and people down east have done a great deal of buying that nobody on the spot would have done. These towns, of course, are all growing marvelously, but no town on earth could grow as rapidly as a real estate man can convert quarter sections into per foot frontages.

The real estate story of Winnipeg, if printed, would read like an Alladin tale. Perhaps it will appear in these pages a little later on. To mention one case: An eastern man owned three or four lots

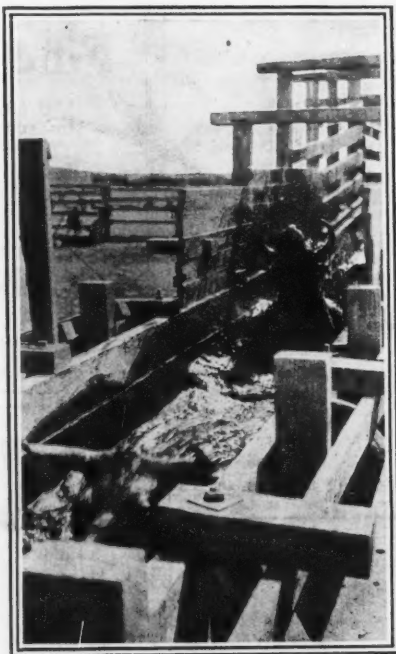
However, the real estate men need a rest and can afford to take a holiday.

The common, ordinary copper cent which plays so important a place in the daily business of Ontario, is, as I have said, despised west of Lake Superior. Perhaps it would be truer to say that it was despised. One of the daily papers in Winnipeg tried to make the one cent piece respectable, but failed. That journal advertised its copies

which, it afterwards turned out, adjoined. The result was that the retailers in Winnipeg woke up one Sunday morning in the knowledge that Eaton's had bought out an entire block of land on Portage avenue. It was a "side street" then; it is now disputing supremacy with Main street. The store is more imposing than the head store in Toronto and already a large new wing is being added. They tell me in Winnipeg that the Robert Simpson Company is about to start a big store in that city close to Eaton's. They tell me in Regina that Eaton's will have a store there before Christmas, and they tell me the same thing in Calgary. But of this point any traveller will be convinced—a house that aims to serve the Canada of to-morrow will need many branches.

HAVING stopped off at a small town in Manitoba I was driven through the neighboring country by one of the local real estate men. We met a farmer and asked him about the crop outlook. He was something of a pessimist and thought Manitoba would have no better than a half-crop this season. But the interesting thing in regard to this man was his manner of talking. When asked a question he would frame a reply, say it to himself slowly, consider it carefully, nod his head approvingly and finally trust his voice to state aloud the words he had been using. It was curious to see a man attaching this tremendous importance to his own remarks—simple observations on the crops and the weather, and clothed with no consequence. It seems this man had spoken too fast on one occasion and determined never to be caught in the same way again, so before making any statement he repeats it three times to himself in order that he may examine it closely and allow no rash word to escape him. He got his lesson one day while indulging in the luxury of an argument with an acquaintance in the village. In the course of the discussion this man said that if anybody were to offer him a stated sum in cash for his farm, he would take it. "Do you mean that?" asked a bystander. "Yes, I do." "Well, step right in here and have the papers drawn up." The deal was put through then and there, but by next morning the farmer deeply regretted the sale he had made and went to the purchaser to have the transaction cancelled. That was not an easy thing to do and it cost him two or three hundred dollars to continue ownership of his own farm. He brooded over this loss and rightly ascribed it to hasty and ill-considered talking, of which, he resolved, there should be no more. Many a man talks too much and too soon, but few profit by their lessons to the extent of this Manitoba farmer who imposed on himself this severe discipline. Talking to him is slow work, but you feel that you are at least getting his deliberate and fully matured opinions.

MACK.

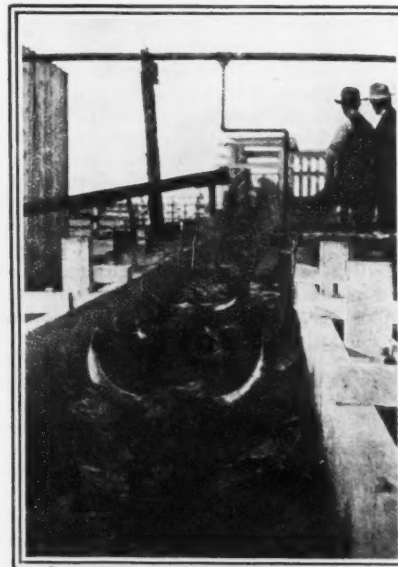


TAKING THE PLUNGE

Thousands of cattle in one day go through the dip. They are sent in on a slanting floor, slide down and plunge into a solution of sulphur and lime, and swim out at the other end. The regulations governing the health of cattle call for this.



WAITING TO BE "DIPPED"
Cattle on a Ranch near Calgary



THROUGH THE DIP



PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG

Cut from W. G. MacFarlane.

at Fort Rouge, but threw them up rather than pay some forty dollars taxes. Four years ago these lots were sold for two hundred dollars; three years ago they sold for six hundred; last year they sold for six thousand dollars. It is to be hoped the former owner will be spared the pain of reading these lines.

Last winter the daily papers of Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton were swollen with huge real estate advertisements. At present all this business is at a standstill. The banks have shut down on the game, and I am told that sixty real estate offices in Winnipeg have taken out their telephones and are going to summer fallow the town lots for the next season or two. They are going to let the people save up some money and give the banks time to loosen up. It is the same all the way across the West.

for sale at one cent and boys went on the street loaded down with coppers for use in making change—but the people would not take to the innovation. No Winnipeg citizen wanted to be seen accepting copper change from a child on the main street. But where the press failed a new champion of the one cent piece arose. The T. Eaton Company, of Toronto, started a branch store in Winnipeg and brought in one cent pieces by the keg. Goods are advertised at 49c., 79c. and 99c. The one cent piece is getting in its fine work; it is taking its place on the basis of our currency. When John Eaton went up to Winnipeg he did not go down the middle of the road announcing that he wanted to buy land on which to erect a great store. Instead he made arrangements with half a dozen different persons to buy half a dozen different properties, all of

PREPARATIONS are being made for a general election in Canada. The campaign in which the sovereign people indulge—the short period of heat and excitement, drum-beating and talk which precedes polling day—will not occur for perhaps a year. But the real campaign is on. The candidates are being appointed—many of them are out on the sidelines making good fellows of themselves. The managers of the parties are at work planning the disposal of their forces. They are doing so without noise, but when the time comes "the country" will be roused up, and told what's what, and urged to get out and vote. The modern party system as operated in Canada saves the people a lot of trouble. When there are signs of the approaching dissolution of a parliament, the organizers of both parties get into communication with the inner circle of the faithful in each riding. In every case this coterie of faithful spirits busy themselves to choose an acceptable candidate. Then a convention is called. The delegates go through the ceremony of making a nomination; but in reality they only ratify the nomination that has already been made. The chief function of a convention is to pass, with cheers, a resolution avowing unwavering loyalty to the party, and expressing complete confidence in the party leaders. Sometimes peculiar circumstances arise—the man considered the strongest and most acceptable by the executive may not be approved of by one or more sections of the party in the constituency. Then some well known politician who is "intimately associated with the leader, and who knows his wishes and the needs of the party in this and all other matters" is sent to have a heart-to-heart talk with "the boys" and smooth matters over. Usually there is no trouble. Some amusing stories could be told about the lining up of conventions to suit party requirements. As a rule the same men are delegates to conventions time after time; the same men are nominated, together with the real nominee. They get up and make the same speeches which they have made for years, in which they decline the honor of being the standard-bearer of the party, promise to take off their coats and go manfully into the campaign to support the party's candidate—and have their names in the papers as usual.

The people elect members of Parliament, but they have nothing to do with selecting the men whose names appear on the ballot. The ordinary party man has really nothing to do with the matter of choosing a candidate, either. If he has any objection to the nomination of the man favored by the party managers, he may mention the fact to one of the "workers." That worthy, probably with some heat, tells him that he does not know what he is talking about—that the man in question is the one the party wants nominated, and that he must be the candidate. The mild grumbler has perhaps done more for the party, in a quiet

straightforward way, than the "worker" would do in a hundred years. He may be a substantial, reasonable, knowledgeable man, yet for expressing a free opinion, the party hustler, who may be a narrow-minded partisan, or a petty office-seeker or patronage hunter, will probably accuse him by word or manner of being a traitor to the party.

There must be party organization, but it needs to be operated on somewhat broader lines.

BEFORE an election is held, both parties in the Dominion will as usual formulate a platform on which to go to the country. Neither will be specially new or attractive. The Liberals will invite the people to stand pat and leave well enough alone; the Conservatives will rest their hopes chiefly on the time-honored appeal, "It is time for a change."

Politicians seem to quite overlook the fact that in Canada a government is almost always defeated, not because of its policies or its platforms, or because of any particular sin of commission or omission, but because of its general loss of moral strength. In independent countries, in England, for example, governments are overturned on great national or international issues. Here too, of course, big issues arise to interest and disturb the country, but although Canadians are quickly and thoroughly aroused by political crises, they soon forget them. If an English government commits itself to a policy which antagonizes a great section of the public, the electorate may not make any loud outcry, but it stores up its wrath until an election comes around. The Canadian electorate, on the contrary, may become greatly worked up because of something the Federal Government does or proposes to do, but unless the opportunity of expressing its disapproval at the polls immediately presents itself, the matter is soon practically forgotten. A glance over the political history of the country will show that our governments are not, as a rule, beaten on matters of policy, but when they are seen to have lost character and moral fitness for office. There are exceptions, of course. The government of that fine and honorable statesman, Alexander Mackenzie, was, for example, defeated because the people became enamored of the idea of the National Policy. But on the whole, we have as a people shown ourselves disinclined to nurse anger for an administration because of any particular misdeed or any particular piece of unpopular legislation. A government may commit blunders, may deal with certain issues in a manner which thoroughly antagonizes a majority of the people, and yet live. But when it becomes immoral, or rather unmoral, characterless, vacillating, without the courage of its own convictions, then it will surely die.

Whatever the sins of the Tupper Government were, they might have been outlived if the administration had been able to brace up and present its appeal to the country with a clear eye and a steady hand. The Ross Government in Ontario was not annihilated because of any particular misdeed, but because the people felt that it was "rotten." It had administered the affairs of the province well enough, but it had entirely lost moral character. There have been times in the life of the present Dominion Government when, probably, had a general election been called, not even a solid Quebec would have saved it from defeat. Yet beyond a doubt it will be returned to power for another term. Beyond a doubt it will remain in power until, in the eyes of the people, it becomes characterless—morally impotent. Who can guess how soon that may be?

TO those of us who feel that our experience of life in this world, and especially of life in Canada to-day, is very pleasant and full of hopefulness, it is somewhat wearisome to note the frequency with which pessimistic utterances are appearing just now here and there, in the daily, weekly, and monthly press of the continent. Morning and evening one reads disquieting accounts of the tightness of the money market. And in almost any magazine that one picks up are to be found moanings and lamentations about the evil tendencies of modern life, and much dispiriting talk to the effect that people are not as good or as happy or as hopeful as they used to be.

Well, the money market may be tight, but as far as Canada is concerned, it will loosen up in good time, let us be sure. For all things financial are well in this country, and all will be well if we but continue to think them so. The other day Mr. James Elliott of Montreal, general manager of the Molsons Bank, said that the Canadians have been spending too much money on cigars and pianos, and not saving enough, and that the present financial stringency of which we hear so much is the result. Mr. Elliott's remark is worth thinking over. People have been spending too much money carelessly, as a natural consequence of a long period of exceedingly good times. Not long ago, on a train, I fell into conversation with a man who told me that he lived in a small town. He expressed surprise that so many people make house-building a business in Toronto. "Why do not more men build their own homes, plan them to suit themselves, let their own contracts, and save the speculator's profit?" he asked. He was surprised when I told him that comparatively few salaried men here have enough money to buy a lot and proceed far enough with the building of a house to secure a loan, even if they had time to attend to the matter themselves. People have not been saving as much as they should. But at the same time no cause exists for a general scare because money is tight and the banks are chary of making loans. The banks themselves are as solid as a rock. The prospects of the country were never so bright. No capitalist need hesitate to make investments in Canada at the present moment. No Canadian need do without a cigar or a piano or a new machine for his factory if he has need of any of these things, and if the state of his finances will safely permit him to invest. It is well always to be careful, but there is no reason just now for anyone to become frightened and put all his pennies in an old stocking in the attic. Financial prosperity is only an attitude. Canadians should be ashamed, at this time when the world is looking to the Dominion as the land of the future, to assume any attitude but their present one of buoyant hopefulness. And they will not.

As to the all too common talk indulged in these days by magazine writers and others to the effect that the world is getting worse instead of better and that the conditions of society need to be revolutionized, it is well to remember that there were never so many quacks abroad in the world as there are to-day. The first business of a quack is to make people believe they are sick whether they are or not



The Doukhobors Who Travelled to Winnipeg

They might have ridden into town in one wagon, so few were they in number. The newspapers exaggerate the importance of these people.

—a comparatively easy matter. And to-day, so many sociological quacks are engaged in picturing the evils of society that it is inevitable that a good many people should listen to them, and as a result confuse ills that are imaginary with those that are real.

SEVERAL times of late comment has been made in these columns regarding the operations of "The Canadian Newspaper Association," a book-selling concern located somewhere in Toronto, which does business under this name. These people have lately sent out reply post cards headed: "The Canadian Newspaper Association, Mail and Empire Building, Toronto." These cards state: "The National Alumni have caused to be prepared a number of copies of that celebrated painting, 'The Battle of Tel-El-Kebir,' by Alphonse de Neuville. It would prove a suitable decoration for library or studio, and as 'Britain in Egypt' is a subject which must interest all intelligent citizens of the Empire, the picture, by reason of its interesting and instructive character, has a distinct value. For the purpose of, at an early future date, calling your attention to a great historical undertaking, we invite your application for a complimentary copy of 'The Battle of Tel-El-Kebir.'" The following names are given as references: Jas. Strachan Cartwright, Master in Chambers; C. C. James, Deputy Minister Ontario Dept. of Agriculture; D. Bruce Macdonald, educator; Chester D. Massey, Massey-Harris Co., Limited; Rev. John Potts, Victoria University; Earl Grey; L. A. Audette, Registrar, Exchequer Court; Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia and Defence; Wm. F. King, B.A., LL.D., Director Dominion Observatory; S. N. Parent, Chairman Trans. Can. Ry. Com.

Any one receiving such a communication would naturally suppose that it referred to some scheme being undertaken by an association of Canadian newspaper men, under the patronage of the Governor-General and leading citizens. This is not the case. These men doing business under the title of the Canadian Newspaper Association have no connection with newspapers, so far as can be learned after a somewhat careful inquiry. They probably read the papers, and they advertise in them occasionally. Their interest in the press probably ends. They are book agents. The books they sell may be valuable, but they are doing business under a name which would indicate that they are what they are not.

SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM writes a long letter to The Times concerning the circumstances which led to his resignation as governor of Jamaica. "The governor," he says, "did as he was commanded, withdrew his whole letter, apologized, and resigned his post. He could not do otherwise. The net result is that, a foreign admiral having twice landed armed men in a British colony (the second time in direct opposition to the expressed wishes of the governor), and having, under the circumstances described, been requested to re-embark them, the writer of that request has been compelled to withdraw it and to apologize for making it. He was not directed to withdraw any words or sentences in the letter, but the whole letter. It would, therefore, appear that in future there is nothing to prevent a foreign power from landing armed men in a British colony, even though the colony is garrisoned by British troops and the chief British authority declares that he is not in need of foreign assistance. This is a sufficiently serious situation, which might easily be complicated by the landing of armed parties from the vessels of several foreign powers, to be brought in contact with each other and with a native population excited by the strain of very unusual circumstances."

WHEN Prince Arthur of Connaught visited Canada some time ago he was, while in Ottawa, impressed by the beauties of the three islands in the Ottawa river, opposite Riverside Park, which the Dominion Government handed over last year to the Ottawa Improvement Commission. As a consequence they have been named the Prince Arthur Islands. They contain sixteen acres, and will be connected by bridges with what is known in the capital as the Western Driveway. Ottawa is a comparatively small city, but she has a system of parks and drives that makes a Torontonian feel ashamed of our lack here of beauty spots and handsome boulevards. True, Ottawa has been assisted in this matter by the Government, but Toronto needs no assistance in making herself beautiful and attractive. What she lacks in this respect is initiative.

WHO would have supposed, says The Argonaut, that Americans pay the annual sum of \$28,000,000 to the autocratic and absent-minded waiter? But they do. The waiters not only confess it themselves, but they defend it and applaud it, and what are we going to do about it? Why absolutely nothing. It is the consumer, who has to pay the waiter's wages, whether directly or indirectly, and if he does not wish to pay them in the form of tips, then he can do so in the increased cost of his dinner. Tips or no tips, the consumer pays. The only choice he has in the matter is as to which pocket the money is to come from, as "the waiter must live"—at least he says he must.

THE Canadian Statesman of Bowmanville has just entered upon its thirtieth year under the direction of Mr. M. A. James, the senior member of the firm of M. A. James & Son, its present publishers. The Statesman is an excellent local paper, and it is to be hoped that it may long continue to provide its town with an excellent news service, and pay large dividends to its owners.

The Incendiary Press of India

THE spirit or conditions of a country cannot be accurately measured by the utterances of its fire-brand newspapers. The tone of voice adopted by some of the native journals in India, is, however, calculated to seriously alarm the British Government. For example The Yugantur of Calcutta says:

"The number of Englishmen in the entire country is not more than a lakh and a half (150,000). And what is the number of English officials in each district? With a firm resolve you can bring English rule to an end in a single day. The time has come to make Englishmen understand that enjoying the sweets of dominion in another's country, after wrongfully taking possession of it, will not be permitted to continue forever. . . . Begin yielding up a life after taking a life. Dedicate your life as an offering at the temple of liberty. Without bloodshed the conquest of the goddess will not be accomplished."

Speaking of the English and their agents in India the same journal declares:

"Let the heads of these brutes, these instigators, be given as an offering at the Mother's feet; . . . let twice 70 millions of hands pick up the sword and let the demon's head roll at the Mother's feet; . . . the auspicious moment has come, lose no time. . . . Do you not hear the clank of arms in every household? It is the sound of the war goddess's foot ornament betokening her coming. . . . Beggars and fakirs in disguise have distributed pamphlets among the native army in Rawalpindi. The oppressive Feringhi, conscious of his sins, has become quite overpowered by his cowardice, and is busy impeding the path of the students and the native troops by throwing flimsy obstacles in their way. . . . The cup of the Englishman's iniquity is going to be full."

The British Government has reluctantly taken steps to check what the law considers as seditious utterances by prosecuting and expatriating Mr. Chandra Pepin Pal, editor of The Bande Matarans, an Indian nationalist agitator. But the spirit of discontent remains. The London Times sees no remedy for the present condition of things, but the most vigorous measures of prosecution and repression. In this great London organ we read:

"It is high time to exert all the powers of the law to suppress this evil, and to supplement these powers to whatever extent may be needed, should they prove to be inadequate. The objections to prosecutions for these and similar offences are well known. Cases of the kind are seized upon with avidity by ambitious pleaders of the patriot kind, in order to give the widest possible publicity to the most outrageous accusations against the Government. They become in this way an advertisement for the movement and for those who are seeking to rise by it. They are open to grave objection, but there are circumstances in which these objections must be faced. No Government can safely submit to concerted attacks upon public order where these attacks assume formidable proportions, without striking back at its assailants. If the first blows fail, sharper weapons must be employed, and the blows must be repeated until they go home. It is as idle to ignore a growing mischief of this kind as to ignore a growing leak in a ship. The mischief must be stopped, and if the means at hand are not able to stop it other means must be sought and found for the purpose."

A Pen Picture of Cobalt.

M. R. H. HAMILTON FYFE is writing a series of letters to the London Daily Mail on the "Land of the Future," to wit, Canada. Mr. Fife draws this picture of the Cobalt mining district:

"It is an easy place to see, Cobalt, for all the big propositions lie close around the lake, which is itself to be burrowed under in the hope that beneath its waters lie rich deep veins of silver. The Right-of-Way and Larose shafts are within a biscuit-toss of the station. The Nipissing just across the lake, the University but a short walk, and so on. The miners' wooden shacks, with hotel, restaurant, stock exchange (which is also the theatre), and a few stores all cluster together on one little hill just above the railway track. It looks, of course, like a place that was only started yesterday. Upon the permanence of the vein hangs the question whether it shall grow into a big town, or whether the hillside, now a busy human ant-hill, shall in a few years be deserted again, and the wooden buildings left to rot in silent loneliness. Whatever happens, Cobalt will always be an interesting memory by reason of certain peculiarities, which mark it off from all other mining camps. There is no Bret Harte element about it—no Cousin Jacks in red shirts, no promiscuous revolver-shooting, no lawlessness, very little gambling, and, strangest of all, no drink. I never thought to see a teetotal mining camp, but that is what Cobalt professes to be. The hotel provides no stronger stimulant than ginger ale. At the restaurant you drink water or go dry. There is smuggled whisky in some of the shacks—and capital whisky, too, as I discovered, my prospector being a hospitable soul, even when he found I was not a buyer. But no liquor is openly on sale, and anything like disorder is put down with a heavy hand."

"Usually a mining camp is in the wilds, far from railroad and civilization. To this one you can travel in a Pullman car, and it is nothing unusual to see well dressed women picking their way through the mud, visitors for the day from towns within easy reach. But to miners of long experience Cobalt is a mining camp de luxe. They may grumble about the ban on alcohol, but they appreciate the plentiful supply of food, as well as the fact that 'Tarawater' is only twelve hours off. For 'Tarawater,' they tell me, is one of the finest jag-places on earth."

Electrical Goods

Some thing New in Electrical Sundries

We have just received a large consignment of novelties, including Electric Cigar Lighters, Electric Candles, Alarm Clocks, Torches, Pocket Flashlights of every description.

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Ladies and gentlemen will find this a most delightful spot for dinner, before and after the theatre.

Table d'Hôte daily, from 6 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.
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Mrs. Frost—They say our new minister indulges in mixed metaphors.
Mrs. Snow—Ain't that dreadful.
My husband says it's much better to drink it straight.—Town Topics.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MR. W. M. C. MCINTYRE
Montreal

MONTREAL, AUG. 15.
A CASUAL glance at the tightness of the money market does not reveal all the causes. It may be true, as the general manager of Molson's Bank said the other day, that "the people" were buying too many cigars and pianos. It may also be true that we are "spreading out so fast" there's not enough money to go around. But that is not the whole truth with respect to the money market. The private advices of banks and business houses are that the western crop will be a short one. It will not, under present conditions, be a regular, downright failure; but a short crop it will be. That is the big stern fact the banks are wrestling with, and that is why they are hauling in sail; reefing, indeed, so closely in some squally quarters as to give rise to the verdict of arbitrary dealing. The acreage of the West has increased in all the provinces except in Manitoba, but the yield will fall away below the standards of the last two years. Any banker, if he is well-informed—and frank—will admit these conditions. And having once recognized them as a basis of policy and action it can be easily seen how far-reaching the result will be.

Speaking of frankness in bankers, that quality, in most cases, is, like snowfalls in July, conspicuous by its absence. The average local manager is not in reality the important personage he seems or—to put it in another way—he assumes to be. To his customers of a certain class he pretends to be a very terrible fellow. In that capacity he is very useful. No doubt his qualities for gauging how much money John Jones, tailor, or Joseph Brown, butcher, may manipulate with safety is acquired by a persistent scrutiny of the intake and outgo. But the average local manager—and we do not except some of those in Montreal—when confronted by a big man and a big proposition has neither the general knowledge or the deputed authority to intelligently wrestle with them. And this, no doubt, is quite proper. But viewed in this light the pomposities and brusqueries of "local managers I have known" puts them in that class specially created for Grover Cleveland by the late Charles A. Dana of the New York Sun, to wit, stuffed prophets.

One bank in Montreal is having a breathing space; it is free from the operations of an ex-employee, who moved about this city, Boston and New York, dropping cheques for which there were no funds. Once, when hauled up by the police, a regular sheaf of these delectable documents was found upon him, the amounts ranging from \$5 to \$20. In some mysterious way, however, the lightning of the law "never touched him," and he came and went unwhipped of justice. He was wont to boast when in his cups that he knew a thing or two. He would mutter articulately about Government reports and the dire penalties of an infraction of the banking law. He would hold out a bogus cheque bearing his signature, and gaze upon it as one of the old English martyrs did upon his hand when bound to the stake—styling it unworthy. "But," he would say, "just the same it is good enough—or rather was—to attach to a report to the Finance Department." That report was a favorite topic with the ex-bank man. As I said before, he has disappeared from Montreal, and the haunts that knew him now know him no more.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce is generally credited with having designs on the Sovereign Bank, much to the disgust of at least one D. M. Stewart. He has refused to attend some of the meetings since the re-organization under the new Toronto general manager. The ex-general manager, Stewart, is summing at Dalhousie. Those who imagine that he is in the down and out class have not guessed rightly. I will make the prediction that Mr. Stewart will again be at the head of a Canadian bank. He made mistakes; he made losses—but what banker has not! Stewart has not squealed. There is one big loss attributed to him that really is a baby of the directorate. It was born during Stewart's absence. Time, says a friend of Stewart, will justify his judgment, by proving the value of certain assets now written down to the loss account. It was not the mistakes and the losses that ended his career in the Sovereign; it was the inveterate opposition of the other bank managers. They hated his enterprise, his push, his democratic methods, his disregard of the etiquette that puts bankers in the "tin Jesus" class. Stewart, however, be it remembered, has put banking methods in Canada on a new and more advanced plane.

TORONTO, AUG. 15.
M. PAUL LEROY-BEAULIEU, a well-known economic thinker and writer, states that America is asking for about \$2,000,000,000 fresh capital yearly, while the country's annual increment of capital does not reach nearly to that amount. The obtaining of capital from other countries and the withdrawing of resources from older American investments, have been the inevitable results. Last year strong efforts were directed to the first alternative, but it was soon discovered that in Europe, too, there were home needs calling for practically all available capital. Indeed, Germany, for instance, was making heavy demands upon other countries. At the present time, there are only four countries, M. Beaulieu states, which can to any extent export capital. These are England, France, Belgium and Holland. And England, he considers somewhat out of the active running on account of her process of recovery from the Transvaal war strain, and also owing to prior demands by the colonies. In M. Beaulieu's judgment there must be some slowing-up until supplies of accumulated capital again exceed the demand. This check to activity has already manifested itself in price-reduction on financial markets, but he believes that more fundamentally it involves reduction in the price of raw material of manufacture, the unusually high level of which he considers largely responsible for the absorption of capital in productive industries. His practical advice to industrial markets is that some of the plans of expansion already begun should be postponed, for a time, at least.

Prices of leading railway shares have declined all the way from 10 to 60 points since the beginning of the year. This great fall in values seems tempting to investors who are seeking bargains, and they are further encouraged by the statements of earnings recently published, which have indicated a most satisfactory improvement over those of last year. Most of the conditions which have caused the fall in market values still exist, and operators will need for some time to exercise great care, and to remember that a profit in the bank is always a profit, while a profit on paper may be changed into a loss at any moment.

Whatever may be the other results of the attacks on the Standard Oil Company, there can be little doubt that it will suffer not only in prestige, but in some part of its power over United States finance. The abolition of rebates is freeing the railways from the domination of the Standard Oil. In like manner, the markets are likely to be less under the influence of its leading capitalists. This does not mean, of course, that the Standard Oil Company is to be extinguished, but that its overshadowing power is likely to be very much lessened. It should be remembered in this connection that it is a question whether the men who will succeed those who made the Standard Oil Company will be equal to the task of maintaining its supremacy in the new conditions which confront it.

The Mexican Light & Power Co., will ask shareholders for authority to issue \$2,400,000 of preferred M. L. & P. stock; \$2,000,000 of this amount will be used in paying off the outstanding liabilities and the remainder in paying for the controlling interest in the Robert Electric Company. The directors announce the intention of beginning dividends on the common stock at the new year.

With the nearer approach of the time when its heavy borrowings for the National Transcontinental Railway can no longer be delayed, the Government will find a deeper interest in studying the international money markets. A Montreal financial contemporary says: London is, of course, the place whence most of the funds are expected to come, but London, New York, Paris and Berlin have become so interdependent one upon another that conditions at all of them have to be taken into account. Several years have gone by since the project was first mooted. Monetary conditions were stringent then, but it was hoped that they would improve before the loans were needed.

Though London will be the main market for the bonds it may be that a part can be placed in Canada. The rate of interest on bonds issued by a government in such high credit as ours could not well be high, but there are other considerations that help to make them attractive to certain classes of investors. The advantages attaching to bonds of this nature are well known. The investment is stable and safe under almost any conceivable conditions, and as collateral they are unsurpassed; money can be raised on them practically at any time. Insurance companies, trust companies, banks and other corporations also find it advantageous to hold them. The most important support would have to come from the corporations, fiduciary and financial. The insurance companies are not slow to advertise the fact when they have a part of their assets in government bonds. The trust companies also that might have a reasonable amount in the security could take credit for it with the people.

So far as the banks are concerned, at first sight it might appear that with commercial borrowers clamoring for all the loans they can get, there would be no banking funds available for putting into government bonds at so low a rate of interest. A banker might take the ground that it would be better to use his resources entirely for the commercial and industrial development of Canada and for the Government to get all the funds it needed for railway building from abroad. In that way the country would have the use of more money than if part of the bonds were taken here. But, no matter how much the bankers might desire to use all their resources in commercial loans, prudence forbids them doing so. They must keep a certain proportion in the form of cash, call loans, securities, etc., as a reserve. It would be quite within their ability to maintain some part of the increased liquid reserves they will require to carry against increased liabilities in the form of Dominion Government bonds. And it need not be a lock-up either. For, deposited with London bankers as cover for drawings, the bonds could be drawn against practically to their market value. They form a collateral security most highly regarded in London.

The lateness of the crops and the high prices caused the recent exports of gold from New York to Paris and London. The gold arriving weekly at the latter city from South Africa is eagerly bought up, which is an indication of the strained situation in Europe. There is probably not 50 per cent. of American financing being done there as compared with last year, bankers being enjoined to cut down such loans, even for old customers. For relief, the Americans must look to their treasury. Last year, in the early autumn stringency, Mr. Shaw at first kept back his balances available for deposits in banks and expedited gold imports by interest payment in transit; afterwards, when this failed to draw more gold, because of the abrupt rise in the Bank of England's rate to 6 per cent., he eased the situation with judicious deposits in banks. This year, in all probability, the gold importing expedient will not be open, and banking the treasury funds, of which about forty-five millions are now available, will have to be resorted to first.

Announcement is made that the United States Steel Corporation has finally decided to build its Canadian plant at Sandwich, and that operations will be commenced early in October. It is understood that about 5,000 men will be employed.

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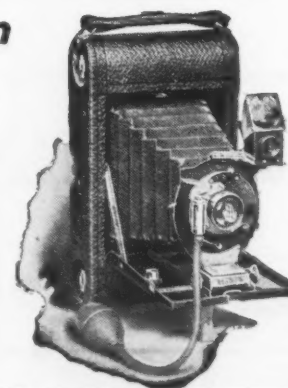
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Social and Personal

THE Island Aquatic Association's dance last Friday evening was blessed with its usual good weather, which seems to be set fair for every Friday night throughout the summer. Mrs. Taylor and Miss Farquhar, from the yacht Christine came with Mr. J. Merrick, Mrs. Taylor wearing a chine silk dress and black and white toque with pale blue wings. Mr. J. A. M. Alley brought his pretty little wife, who wore a pale blue and white batiste gown. Miss Winifred Evans was in white organdie, painted with pale blue flowers, and blue girdle. Miss Lillie Grantham, who has returned to Toronto from the Island, wore an elaborate lingerie frock. Miss Beatrice Webster was in white, and her sister, Ethelwyne, in pale blue with white strappings; Miss Brenda Smellie was handsome in a cream cloth dress. Miss Marriott wore dresden muslin and lace; Mrs. Tom Wood, who looked charming in white, chaperoned her attractive sister, Miss Raphael, of Montreal; Miss Maude Patterson wore a white dress and mushroom hat with pink bows; Miss Huckvale was in white and Miss Eastmure in pink; Mrs. Street wore a sheer white muslin dress; Miss Robb was in mauve and white muslin with heavy guipure; Mr. George Chadwick brought his charming wife and her sister, Mrs. Chadwick looking a picture in white and mauve organdie with empire sash; Miss Mitchell (Guelph), white lace over pink and big white lace hat with roses; Miss Madden and Miss Hunter were in white. Others were: Mrs. and Miss Tate, Miss Hutchinson, white muslin and lace; Mrs. Eastmure, flowered muslin, black hat and feathers; Mr. and Mrs. Denison, the latter in white; Mrs. Horrocks, Mrs. Trees, Mrs. Huckvale; Miss Meredith, white muslin with black coin spot; Miss Mackay, grey and white checked taffeta; Miss Allan, white and pink; Miss Dorothy Macrae (Ottawa), white dress and hat; Miss Goldsmith, pale blue and white muslin; Miss Tait, white gown and tartan sash; Miss Broderick, in pale blue; Miss Mitchell, pink; Miss Wismar in white; Miss Ireland, a black and white costume; Mrs. Baynes Reid, dresden silk, muslin and lace; Mrs. Watt, white dress; Miss McCausland, white muslin flowered with pink roses; Miss Perry, white; Miss Wilkinson, black and white silk; Miss Young in white; the Misses Morris, of Ottawa, in blue and pink respectively; Mr. and Mrs. Merrick, Mr. and Mrs. Broderick, Mr. and Mrs. Massey, Mrs. Webster, Mr. Harry J. Rea, Miss Helen Simpson, Mr. Dunstan, Miss B. Rolfe, Mr. Lawrence Good, Mr. Harvey Douglas, Miss Chandler, Dr. and Mrs. Goldsmith, Mr. Harvey, Mr. John Greey, Mr. R. D. Collins, Mr. Appleyard, Mrs. Madden, Mr. and Mrs. Donald, Mrs. Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Clarke, Mrs. Tate, Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. Brown, the Misses Holmes, London, Eng.; Mrs. Watts, with a party from Balmy Beach, Mr. Paul Sheard, Mr. W. M. Holmes, Mr. Trees, Miss Ellis, Miss Hunter, Mrs. C. Stanbury, in white, and her daughter, wearing pale blue and a burnt straw hat; Miss Clarkson, the Misses Trees.

His Excellency is expected at Government House on Monday, August 20, His Honor, Sir Mortimer Clark, returning from the sea in time to welcome him.

The Argonaut Rowing Club's fortnightly dance takes place from 8.30 to 11.15 on Monday evening.

Mrs. Walter Beardmore has returned from Minnicoganashene.

Miss Muriel Dick gave a small dinner at the Lambton Golf Club last week.

Mr. Aubrey White, Deputy Minister of Lands, is at Port Carling, Muskoka, for a short time.

Mr. C. C. Chipman, of Winnipeg, and his son, Mr. Campbell Chipman, paid a flying visit to Toronto at the beginning of the week.

Some of those at the Arlington, Cobourg, lately were: Mr. Edward Cronyn, Mr. Gordon Osler, Mr. G. L. Francis, Mr. Stephen Haas, Mr. Allan Case, Mr. Alan McIntosh, Mr. Stewart Morrison, Mr. Davidson Harman, the Messrs. Macrae.

Mrs. H. Cartwright and her children are visiting Lady Cartwright in Kingston. Provost Macklem is at Rice Lake for a time. Miss Playter is at Bobcaygeon. Dr. and Mrs. Hood are staying at the Woodington Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee have returned from a visit to Mr. Crowther at his Muskoka island. Miss Evelyn Ridout is spending a short time at Minnicoganashene. Mrs. Angus Gordon of the St. George, has gone out of town for the remainder of the summer. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wilkinson are at Honey Harbor for August.

Mr. Cyril Ham, who is playing at a church in Oxford, arrived in town last week to stay with Dr. and Mrs. Ham for a couple of weeks.

Mr. R. L. Borden, M. P., was in Toronto for a short time last week.

Captain Stephen Heward is on leave from Quebec, and is staying with his brother, Mr. Eden Heward, at Edenswold.

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Gwyn have returned from Muskoka, and Mrs. Gwyn is now at Jackson's Point for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. M. Alley, who have been spending the summer at the Island, were at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, last week.

The Misses Skae, of Murray street, are spending part of August at Detroit with their brother.

Miss Cherry Howard is staying with Mrs. Piper at the Island, Lake Front.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin Jones left on Monday to spend a couple of weeks at Murray Bay.

Among the recent arrivals from Toronto at the Royal Muskoka are: Mr. Eaton J. Johnston, Miss Angela F. Edwards, Mr. W. E. Norman, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, Mr. John G. Hay, Mr. W. U. Nichols, Miss Margory C. Perry, Mr. J. S. Robertson, Mr. W. A. Yeoward, Mr. R. F. Argles, Mr. A. W. McArthur, Mr. Fred Somerville, Miss Hilda Clarkson, Mr. G. L. Temple, Mr. H. W. O'Connor, Mr. R. H. Fairweather, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Camp, Mr. Rossiter Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. Norman B. Gast, Mr. J. F. Weston, Mr. W. F. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Glasco, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Copeland, Mr.

and Mrs. J. W. Harkon, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Darling, Mr. L. S. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Werrott, Mr. F. W. G. Fitzgowan, Mr. A. D. Braithwaite, Mr. Gordon F. Perry, Mr. W. Nichols, Mr. T. C. Livingstone, Mr. A. Primrose, Miss Primrose, Miss Hilbert, Mrs. H. N. Sloan, Mrs. W. Sloan, Mr. Gordon Thompson, Mr. J. W. Bengough, Mrs. M. G. Lewis, Mr. W. S. Milne, Mr. E. L. Milne, Dr. and Mrs. Graham Chambers, Miss Elizabeth Long, Mr. J. Kiely.

Mrs. Charles van Straubenzee is in town with Mrs. Case.

Mr. Allan Galbraith has left for British Columbia, where he has accepted a good position with the Columbia Express Company.

Mrs. Selwyn gave a children's party last Wednesday, in honor of the fourth birthday of her little daughter, Aileen.

Miss Kathleen Gooderham and Miss Mabel Lennox left on Monday to join Dr. and Mrs. Sterling Ryerson's house party at Oakhurst, Sturgeon Point.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McLeod and Mr. D. D. Mann were among those at Rochester for the yacht races.

Dr. and Mrs. Gordon MacLean are spending their holidays at Prout's Neck, Maine.

Mrs. Jeffrey Foot, with her son, Mr. W. L. P. Foot, of the Sovereign Bank, Newmarket, has gone to Parry Sound to spend a fortnight with relations.

The marriage of Miss Mary Alice (Minnie) Macdonald to Mr. George Ervin Stockwell, of Los Angeles, Cal., will take place in St. Stephen's church on the 28th of August.

Canon and Mrs. Drummond, of Berkshire, England, were in town last week.

The Messrs. Temple, the Messrs. Huckvale, and Mr. Sidney Bunting are going to Woodington next week. Miss Aileen Sinclair is spending a week with Mrs. Salter Jarvis and Miss Muriel Jarvis at Woodington. Others staying there are: Miss Hilda Burton, Miss Wilhemina Baldwin, Miss Ruth Rathlun, Miss Holland, the Misses Hagarty, Miss Muriel Baldwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Munro are at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, for the week end.

The following British journalists were entertained at the Royal Muskoka, on August 3 and 4, as guests of the Canadian Government: B. McConkey, Belfast; R. H. Courb, London, Eng.; D. L. Crompt, Dundee; J. T. Dunsford, Bridgewater; A. H. Power, Birmingham; Chas. W. Starmer, Darlington; W. Redwood, Bristol; W. Rowley Elliston, Ipswich; J. Max Attenborough, Manchester, Eng.; Joseph Cooke, Sheffield, Eng.; W. Longstaff, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Alfred Hawes, of Toronto and Mandeville Place, London, W., Eng., and Miss Grace E. Allen, sister of Mrs. Benjamin Knower, of New York and Saybrook, Conn., and cousin of Lady and Sir Alan Johnstone, Ambassador to Denmark. No date for the marriage has yet been arranged. Mr. Hawes and Miss Allen have the heartiest best wishes of a large circle of warm friends, and many delightful soirees have been given in their honor at the English capital by Lady Johnstone, Mrs. Bouden Wood, of Timsbury Park, Captain Gibbons, naval attache, Mrs. Pinchot, of Washington, and others. Mr. Hawes has been abroad for nearly two years but it is hoped he will reside in Toronto.

Among those noticed at the fourteenth annual regatta of the Muskoka Lakes Association on Monday at Port Carling, were two past commanders of the association: Dr. E. Herbert Adams, of Toronto, and Reuben Miller, of Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. F. W. Winter is the present commodore.

Among the guests staying at the Goderich Summer Hotel the following are from Toronto: Misses Page, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Chatterton, Miss Vera, Miss Audrey, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Tudhope, Misses Tudhope, also Mr. and Mrs. S. Bruce Harman, Miss Harman, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Thornton, Miss Helen Thornton, Mrs. E. Percy Beatty, Mrs. James Lockhart, Miss Dorothy Hodgins, Miss Lucille Hodgins, Miss Estelle Hodgins, Miss Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fraser, Mr. B. M. McConnell, Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone, Mr. H. Chaloner.

Among the guests at the Goderich Summer Hotel the following are from London, Ont.: Mr. and Mrs. J. Harley Brown, Mr. Ed. Shea, Mr. J. E. McNece, Dr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Baker and child. A concert was given at the hotel on Sunday evening, August 8, when those taking part were: Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mrs. Robert Leete and Miss Leona Troy.

Mrs. Runciman, 40 Elgin avenue, has returned from Europe and will spend the next six weeks in Cobourg.

Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen has returned from Muskoka.

Mrs. J. A. Cummings and her family are at Endiang, Port Carling, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Ridout have just returned from a long absence in England.

Mr. R. Jefferson Hall, organist of Calvary Episcopal church and Temple B'nai Israel, Memphis, Tennessee, is visiting his father, Mr. John Hall, 60 St. James avenue.

Miss Wilkinson has returned to Toronto after spending a pleasant vacation on the Continent.

The sum of \$2,500 a year is distributed in dowries to the girls of the town of Hachmann, in Germany. A Polish nobleman left the money for this purpose, and the amount of the marriage portion that each girl receives is regulated by the measure of good looks that she possesses. A plain bride is given \$250, and the prettier a girl is the less she receives from this fund. The donor's aim was to equalize the chances of marriage of the plain and the pretty.

SAVING MONEY

The wisdom of saving money must be apparent to any person who gives the subject any thought.
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There is but one certain, safe way to accumulate money, and that is to save it. Thus, and thus alone, can the foundation of wealth be firmly laid. Those who earn and spend are many. Those who earn and save are the select few who gain a competence and place themselves in a position to grasp life's opportunities by spending less than they earn and saving the surplus.

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Wholesale Agents: The Canadian Wine & Spirit Co., Ltd., Toronto.



---CAMPERS---

Let us supply you with your requirements in our line. Orders carefully packed and expressed anywhere in Ontario. Send for Wine List.

THE WM. MARA CO.

VAULTS—71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge St. WINE MERCHANTS
and 2, 4, 6 and 8 King St. E. 79 YONGE ST., TORONTO

WRITE US

FOR

SPONGE BAGS
LIOLA CREAM
BATHING CAPS
VIBRATORS
RHEUMATIC RINGS

BATH SPRAYS
ELCAYA CREAM
FINE BATH SPONGES
GILLETTE RAZORS
AMOLIN

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

W. H. LEE

KING EDWARD DRUG STORE

Church and
Wellington Sts.

Avenue Road
and Macpherson Ave.

Look for this **W.P.R.** On Your Collars

Castle Brand Collars are made of Insulated Linen for the sake of the brand they bear—and to assure you biggest money's worth.

Doubly-sewn for same idea. Perfect-fitting because made now in Quarter Sizes

CAMBRAY—Slip-easy band makes tie-tying pleasant instead of worrisome. In three heights—1½, 1¾ and 2 inches at 10c, 20c and 30c each. 3 for 50c. Same style at 2 for 50c in Elk Brand is DAKOTA.

Demand the Brand **W.P.R.** Makers Berlin 50

TAKE WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

And all conditions of exhaustion will vanish, and life will again seem worth living.

All druggists, everywhere.

SALE OF PINE TIMBER

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to authority of Order-in-Council, tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and including Tuesday, 27th September next, for the right to cut pine timber on the townships of D'Arcy, McGee, Cheverton, Cochrane, Borden and Gage, near the town of Chapleau on the Canadian Pacific Railway; on Berth W.D. 2 west of Woman River station on the C. P. R.; on certain areas on Lake Windermere, south of Windermere station, all in the district of Algoma. Also the white and red pine timber on certain lots in the 1st, 2nd and 3rd cons. of the township of Beauclerc, and on the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th cons. of the township of Henwood, north of Lake Temiscamingué, in the district of Nipissing; also certain pine timber on what is known as "Franklin Island" in the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron, north of the town of Parry Sound, in the district of Parry Sound.

For conditions, further particulars, maps, etc., apply to the undersigned, E. Cochrane, Minister.

Dept. of Lands, Forests and Mines, Toronto, 27th July, 1907.

No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 24, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father (or mother).
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.
- (4) Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Baron (to his servant)—Johann, has anybody been smoking my cigars except yourself?

Servant—Yes, sir, you.—Fliegende Blätter.

Take Time to Wonder

By Frances E. M. Roberts.

"WHAT a wonderful age we are living in!" This saying has become a veritable platitude. 'Tis trite! 'Tis commonplace! And yet how few of us deeply wonder at anything! Not even at the wonderful pace of to-day, at which we all live and move, and—in spite of which—still have our being! In fact wonder—the sensation of wonder—and it's much to be desired accompaniment, reverence, seem about to become extinct. And yet, surely it is good, very good to wonder! In the first place it cultivates a sense of proportion. We soon learn to distinguish the things that are worth wondering about; again it inspires reverence for man's great accomplishments and greater destiny; and above all it calls "halt!" to "the pace" and gives us time to think!

With the good-will of your edition then, may I to-day suggest some thoughts for wonderment? "We are living in a wonderful age!" we, in a colorless way, ejaculate, but our deepest thinkers know it. Benjamin Kidd in his book "Social Evolution," says: "To the thoughtful mind, the outlook at the close of the nineteenth century is profoundly interesting. History can furnish no parallel to it." (Here is food for wonder!) "The problems that loom across the threshold of the new century surpass in magnitude any that civilization has hitherto had to encounter. We seem to have reached a time in which there is abroad in men's minds an instinctive feeling that a definite stage in the evolution of western civilization is drawing to a close and that we are entering on a new era. The time is pregnant of great changes!" Then again, John Fisk, the great American philosopher and historian, said in a recent work of his: "This is an epoch the grandeur of which dwarfs all others that can be named since the beginning of the historic period, if not since man first became distinctly human. In their mental habits, in their methods of enquiry, in the data at their command, the men of the present day who have fully kept pace with the scientific movement, are separated from the men whose education ended only in 1830, by an immeasurably wider gulf than ever before divided one generation of men from its predecessors." Surely an age to wonder in. And with such men, using the plummet of their well trained thought, unceasingly sounding the depths and scaling the heights of nature's secret places, it is easy to imagine what wonders may still be brought forth, especially when we further consider the broad foundation already made for future discoverers to build upon, and to this foundation "our own wonderful nineteenth century" has contributed in amazing measure. It has been calculated that twenty-four supremely great inventions and discoveries had their origin in the century just departed, as against fifteen or sixteen of all time past. And yet, like Alice in Wonderland, the great majority of us have accepted the "impossible" of yesterday as the "matter-of-course" of to-day, and with never a pause to think, but with the stereotyped ejaculation, "Isn't it wonderful!" we rejoin the throng on the social "merry-go-round" or mingle again with the struggling "get-rich-quick-at-any-price" crowd, and the wonder for us has ceased to exist, except in so far as it may add to the comforts and conveniences of life—in which case we buy it. True, "the pace" doesn't give us time to consider. But could not many of us afford to drop "the pace" for a time and browse, for our mind's and soul's good, in a real wonderland? That wonderland called into being, as it were, by greater minds and souls—minds grown great by what they feed upon. These have passed through great nature's halls, kindling dead bones to life or metamorphosing the seeming commonplace by the simple genius of their energy, their enthusiasm and their earnestness.

Let us pause for a moment now to wonder at their greatness. What testimonies to their achievements stand in the Halls of Time? In that of our own nineteenth century we see the spectroscopic. Think for a moment before this. It tells us what suns are made of, and these millions of miles away. It also describes their daily motion. Next Morse's electric telegraph! Oh, what a wizard's touch was there! For it has "abolished time and envelopes both hemispheres with an idea as soon as it emerges from the brain of the thinker." Bell's telephone! A sister wizzard for cheating time. Edison's phonograph! Surely this has made a commonplace of the miracle, "She, being dead, yet speaketh!" Next Dr. Roentgen's "X" rays, which pierce the hidden recesses of nature and literally reveal the inner man. Marconi's wireless telegraphy! It has abolished space, and still remains a thing of deepest mystery to most of us. Liquid air! The first ounce of this cost \$600 to manufacture. It now sells at 25c. a gallon, and the near future, it is predicted, will witness its sale at a penny a gallon. It will then, because of its tremendous propelling power, become the chief motor power of automobiles, railroads, etc. What a truly notable list of wonders and triumphs! And these great wonders, not only crowd our pathway but others loom large in the rear distance. On the very threshold of the twentieth century stand the wonderful group of radio-actives. These have disputed the historic distinction of the atom, and men question its existence. They assert their own distinction and individuality, however, in a most surprising manner; they stand aside from the great and general procession of evolution, to higher types and evolves instead to substances of lower specific gravity. Here's a change indeed in the land of science! And according to reports what a stir is made among the select body of men, the scientists. But, as an offset to this great shock to that particular group, the twentieth century has declared that no longer shall man yearn in vain, "Oh, that I had wings, that I might mount up!" For he has already mounted up on wings, and the high air of the future may be filled with music, but it will surely also resound to the buzz of trade. Yes, wonders are materializing on all sides of us, for an army of tireless enthusiastic scientists are still pushing towards perfection their work on submarine boats, solar-motors, flying machines, or aerostats, and what next? Well may we question, but in answer can only exclaim with the Frenchman: "Qui vivra, verra!" For wise men like Lord Kelvin humbly confess that in comparison with what has yet to be learned about the mysterious inner workings of nature, their knowledge is but as ignorance! To-day the wonder of wonders, the greatest mystery of mysteries is man himself! And to man, who has struggled with, studied and investigated the great outside force of nature, these forces that were a constant menace and terror to his own existence and which he now practically controls, to man has come a question which fills him with awe and wonder! As with reins in his hands he now guides and controls these marvellous outside forces, making wind



There are just as good fish . . . —Harper's Weekly.

and wave, his erstwhile destroyers, as winged Pegasus in his service, the whisper comes, "What force is this?" What divine, God-given power is this, that has enabled me to harness the wind and the wave, to time the very air itself to a song of service? And surely we may well all stop and consider, for does not the answer come back, "Take off thy shoes from thy feet, for the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground." Let us try to feel the awe and reverence with which the most earnest of the advanced scientists are approaching this subject to-day. Chiefly biologists and medical men in France and physicists and chemists in England are giving their attention to this subject, this force in man. They are studying the extraordinary phenomena, what we might call the abnormal manifestations of this new force, which the new psychology calls the "psychic force" and says is in us all. Hitherto men of the medical profession have had, of necessity no doubt, to confine their research work to the material side of man, his anatomy, physiology and hygiene. Now, however, they stand with bated breath before "this divinity within us that shapes our ends!" And they ask, and ask, "What is it?" For the subject is indeed an absorbingly interesting one. The Society of Psychical Research in England, its sister branch in America, and hard-headed men of science the world over are now bending their heads over this question of questions, and their findings keep us agog with wonder. Ample, indeed, will he be repaid who stops awhile, who drops the quick pace to glean in his field of wonders, for surely, "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone lead life to sovereign powers!"

Lakefield, Ont., Aug., '07.

Sphinxes Without Secrets.

"I EXPECT that woman will be the last thing civilized by man," is memorable to Meredithians. If they read it when young, and after a feminist ordeal, they were bound to think it of the wisest utterance of men—not man. Should the ordeal habit have grown upon them, it may be the fact appears to them as one of the happiest fancies in which dull destiny indulges. The truth is, men don't want women to be civilized. They are the one problem left unsolved, the one difficulty unremoved, the one fascination remaining fresh and alluring. They are the supreme luxury, the unfailing interest of life. And they are all this because men want them to be.

At the outset of his career a man aims at money—at the climax he spends it—for a woman. The man who, having achieved success, sits back and tells you he has no interest in women will usually be found, unless quite abnormal, to be devoted to his aged mother, an old-maid sister or an aunt. Moreover, he is the hero of one of these, which is all a man can be to any woman.

The older he is the younger the woman *qui lui impose son illusion*. For the younger the woman the more original her artifice—should one say art, rather? Nothing is so venturesome as youth, for all its calculating quality. Judgment has not set in; and youth plays large chances on narrow margins, because youth has a lifetime before. What can be more seductive to the calm eye of age? "He is easily deceived by women," says Shaw's Caesar to Cleopatra, with a mournful air. "Their eyes dazzle him; and he sees them not as they are, but as he wishes them to appear to him." The only difference between Shaw's Caesar and the man in the drawing-room is that Shaw makes Caesar self-conscious in the contact. It is fair to suspect that when Caesar was really dazzled by a pair of eyes, he hardly had time for psychological auscultation, though he may have thought it all over from beginning when he got home.

Seeing them not as they are, but as he wishes them to appear to him, is the whole secret of the mystery which has lain about woman since the first comedy long, long ago in a well-watered and fruitful garden. Sententious sayings have been uttered about the mysteriousness of woman from that fateful day. Unquestionably, Adam himself tried to explain to the birds in the trees his lapse from the business of seeing and admiring, by an apostrophe to the strange nature of that other being on the premises. Adam, therefore, was the first poet; and none has surpassed him in the tradition he built up round his heroine.

To be sure, the tradition has taken on the tarnishment of time. We profess to be cynical; and a sentimentalist has said, "There's no mystery about a woman a third-class detective can't penetrate." If he were not a sentimentalist, he could not have said it. Being a wit as well as a sentimentalist, he added in the next breath, "Unless she happened to be the woman in whom the detective believed."—Richmond Duffy in August Smart Set.

"I have seen many fantastic and humorous advertisements in newspapers during my somewhat lengthy career," once said Colonel Henry Watterson, in an address to a convention of journalists, "but quite the most interesting and oddest of these was an ad. that I chanced upon in London. It was printed in the staid old Times, and, as I remember it, ran something like this: 'A young gentleman who is on the point of getting married is most desirous of meeting a man of experience who will take the responsibility of dissuading him from this dangerous step.'"

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

WORLD FAMOUS MONEY CANNOT BUY BETTER THAN PERFUMED BORATED TOILET

INFANTS' DELIGHT SOAP

DELIGHTFUL—10 CENTS—EVERYWHERE

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST 35 Medals and Awards Avoid Substitutes



1854 THE 1854
HOME BANK OF CANADA

General banking business transacted. Drafts, money orders, and letters of credit issued.

FULL COMPOUND INTEREST PAID AT HIGHEST RATE

One dollar starts an account and gives the depositor possession of a Vest Pocket or a Home Savings Bank.

Head Office **8 King St. West** Toronto Branch

Three branches in Toronto open 7 to 9 o'clock every Saturday night.

78 Church St. Queen St. West, cor. Bathurst. Bloor West, cor. Bathurst.

JAMES MASON, GENERAL MANAGER.

SURE AND LASTING DIVIDENDS FOR THE HOUSEHOLDER

You may see for yourself what it means to install in your home the perfect sanitation secured by



"STANDARD IDEAL" PORCELAIN ENAMELED WARE

Made in one piece, snow white, smooth as glass, durable as iron, preventing all possibility of secreting dirt, dust, or generating poisonous gases or bacteria it pays steady dividends in cleanliness and health. Moderate in cost, perfect in material and construction, it eliminates expenses for repairs, and gives the

best service for a life-time. And its sanitary perfection, combined with the beauty and comfort it adds to a home, increases the money value of the property. No modern home is properly or safely equipped without it.

"Standard Ideal" Ware Lasts Longest

Your architect or plumber knows all about it, and will be glad to recommend it. Get his opinion.

THE STANDARD IDEAL CO., LIMITED

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

Sales Offices and Sample Rooms: Toronto, 50 Colborne St. Montreal, 128 West Craig St. Winnipeg, 24 Telfer Block.

Prohibitionists Commend KOPS ALE and STOUT

Because these beverages are strictly non-alcoholic. Brewed from the finest Kentish Hops, they contain the full food, stimulating properties of the alcoholic ales and stouts, but are absolutely devoid of all intoxicant powers.

FOR TABLE and MEDICINAL USE

Kops Ale and Stout have no equal. They supply an aid to digestion and nourishment; and healthful stimulation to invalids and convalescents.

Be sure to try them. Ask your grocer or druggist at once, or phone or write us.

KYLE & HOOPER, Sole Ontario Agents
21 Front St. East, TORONTO



When buying a box of chocolates for a gift remember the daintiest and best of confections are

R E X

Made by GILPIN-MOFFATT CO. TORONTO

THE SEPTEMBER BRIDE

Diamond Hall is now showing all of the latest and most approved styles in engraving and the newest shapes in paper, for Fall Wedding Stationery.

Upon request we will be very pleased to submit samples and quotations.

We would particularly advise the early placing of orders for September Weddings.

RYRIE BROS.

Limited
134-138 Yonge Street
TORONTO

Prescriptions

ANDREW JEFFREY

Yonge and Carlton Streets

MEALS—35—AWARDS
—SKIN FOOD SOAP—
THE FAMOUS
BENZOL

Keeps the Face Young
Renews the Complexion
If your druggist doesn't keep it, send 25c for
Tablet, with Directions, to SALES DEPT.,
631 Front Street East, Toronto

A New Building and a New Name

For some time we have been looking forward to the day when the keys of our new building would be ready for us. We are now settled there and should be pleased to have a visit from all our old customers. With the change of address also comes the change of name. What for years has been known in Toronto as the Graham Dermatological Institute will in future be the

**Hiscott
Dermatological
Institute**
61 College St.



CONCERNING YOUR HAIR

THE latest and most becoming styles of our Parisian Transformations, Pompadours, Empire Curles, Wavy Switches and Wigs, are delightful additions to touring and travelling. View our select stock or write for catalogue.

Electro Scalp Treatment, Marcel Waving, Face Massage, Manicure, Shampooing by experts only.

HAIRLENE has wonderful results on thin and falling hair.

The Maison Jules & Charles
431 Yonge St. Phone, Main 2498

SWEPT BY LAKE BREEZES
SCARBORO BEACH
The City of Enchantment

No Crowding
No Danger

Cool Grove
Sandy Beach

Big afternoon and evening free shows on elevated stage

FLYING SIX BANVARDS

Thrilling Aerial Artists performing on the Flying Trapeze

Marvellous Hardy

Routinely New Performance Afternoons and Evenings

RAVEN AND HIS BAND All-day CONCERTS

Forty Big
Special Shows

King car
into grounds

Young Canadians Serving the King

LXVI.



CAPTAIN K. B. CAMERON,
93rd Highlanders. Graduate Royal Military College of
Canada, 1884.

Social and Personal

A SMALL family dinner party was given at the Grange on Tuesday evening in celebration of Professor Goldwin Smith's eighty-fourth birthday. Covers were laid for ten, the guests including Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Kirkpatrick, Mr. George Kirkpatrick, of Coolmine; Captain and Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Arkle and Mr. Morris. The decorations were of scarlet geraniums and ferns.

The Hon. Melvin Jones and Mrs. Jones gave a small dinner party last week, when the decorations were of pink and white roses, gauze and tiny electric lights. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Mrs. Graham, Miss Josephine Brouse, Major Colin Harbottle, Mr. Lissant Beardmore and Mr. Sidney Band. Miss Melvin Jones gave a dinner at the Hunt Club the previous night when others dining were: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, Mrs. Plunkett Magann, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McInnis and Mr. Graham Campbell.

Miss Gwen Canfield returned from Simcoe this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Polson, who took a party to Rochester on their steam yacht, have returned to town.

The hot evenings which have seemed to pursue the Yacht Club dances, relented on Tuesday, the fourth dance of the series being the most enjoyable of the summer. The really beautiful floor was cleared off early and dancing was kept up with great zest until eleven o'clock, when the orchestra played "God Save the King," after which some obliging volunteer pianists played an indefinite number of extra-extras. There was the usual crowd dining before the dance, some of those having tables being Mrs. Farquhar and her daughters, Mrs. Taylor and the Misses Farquhar, who have been such popular partners at all the dances during the Christine's stay in Toronto harbor. Mr. Norman Cosby had a party of six, Mr. G. A. Jarvis one of eight. Others who gave small dinners were: Mr. N. J. Copping, Mr. J. J. Wright, Mr. A. W. Brown, Mr. J. F. Wilkins, Mr. R. Kleiser, Mr. S. MacFarlane, Mr. T. C. Irving, Mr. T. H. Wood, Mr. J. B. O'Brien, Mr. Rupert Bruce, Mr. J. J. Doran, Mr. R. N. Dana, Mr. H. Wilson, Mr. C. D. Maughan, Mr. J. M. Lowndes, Mr. T. F. Nivin and Mr. Henderson. Others present were: The Hon. Dr. Pyne, Mrs. Elliott, in a white linen and embroidered zouave dress and black hat with trailing cock's feather; Miss Kathleen Murray, one of the prettiest brunettes in the room, wore an organdie gown with bands of velvet and mushroom hat and feathers of a dull peacock blue; Miss Winnifred Evans, a pink flowered muslin with tiny frills; Miss Edith Sweatman, a smart white linen with black hat and gloves; Miss Irene Alexander, black tailor-made, white muslin and lace blouse; Miss Fletcher, a Hamilton belle, was in white, and a smart black hat with ostrich feather and paste buckle, a pink rose nestling under the brim; Miss Irving wore a painted silk organdie gown; Mrs. Tom Wood wore a becoming princess lingerie frock and white gauze scarf, while her pretty sister, Miss Raphael, of Montreal, was in her favorite pink; Mrs. Worts Smart wore a trim white linen with narrow pale blue belt; Miss Beatrice Webster, was in turquoise blue, the skirt banded with velvet of a deeper shade, and blue hat with feathers and roses; Miss Ethelwyne Webster was in pale pink with frills of valenciennes lace; Mrs. Massey wore a white batiste with pale blue elastic and steel belt and blue shoes; Miss Shirley Parks wore a white embroidery dress and lingerie hat; Mr. and Mrs. Alan were at the dance, the lady in white, and small black toque with white cock feathers. They brought their pretty Glasgow friend, who wore pale grey and burnt straw hat and feathers; Miss Adele Thomas, always smart, looked extremely well in a muslin with rosebuds, pink satin kimona braces and a black mushroom hat framing her beautifully dressed hair; Miss Montgomery was in blue and large hat with pale green poppies and foliage; the popular little beauty, Miss Lois Duggan, was in white linen, with tan facings, shoes and gloves, and white muslin and lace bebe hat; Miss Marjorie Murray was in pale blue tucked organdie and hat with blue bows; Miss Livingston was in white with pale blue sash and hat; Miss Muriel Boehme wore white with mauve flowers and empire sash to match; Miss Livingston wore white pleated linen and pale blue hat; one girl, whose name I could not discover, wore a fashion-plate princess gown of dove grey, made extremely short with mauve hem and buttons, and the last thought in mushroom hats with mauve flowers and bows; Miss Dottie Lamont was in white with a roman striped belt. Others present were: Mr. Louis MacMurray, Mr. Harry Small, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Jim Foy, Mr. Eddie Foy, Mr. W. M. Taylor, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Arthur Jarvis, Mr. Gus Lefroy, Mr. Murphy, Mr.

Massey, Mr. Tom Wood, Mr. F. Mackay, Mr. Rupert Bruce, Mr. Kleiser, Mr. Walker, Mr. Jim Merrick, Mr. John Greey, Mr. Macrae.

Miss Helen Beardmore gave a small tea at her house on the Kingston road on Tuesday afternoon, when about fifty people were present. Miss Beardmore was assisted by Mrs. Fitzgibbon and Mr. Lissant Beardmore sang very delightfully during the afternoon.

Mrs. Macfarland has returned to New York, after a visit to Mrs. Herbert Jarvis.

Among those having tea on the broad verandah of the Yacht Club one day this week were: Dr. and Mrs. Alton Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McLeod, Mrs. Leigh Hammond, Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere, Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis, Miss Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Ireland, Mr. George Sears, Mrs. and Miss McLeod.

Mr. Des Vaux sails for England to-day. The date of his return is not yet fixed.

Mr. Wheelton, the new organist of the Metropolitan church, arrived from England this week.

Miss Sutton gave a small tea this week at her Island cottage in honor of her brother's fiancée, Miss Simpson, of Winnipeg.

Miss Muriel Smellie has returned from a visit to Mrs. George MacMurrich at De Grassi Point, and is leaving for Muskoka to spend a month with Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Lash. Miss Dorothy Machray (Ottawa) is the guest of Miss Brenda Smellie.

Mr. Reginald Geary has returned from Cape Breton.

Mrs. A. G. McIntyre, of West Queen street, and her daughter, Lily, have left for a two weeks' visit to Rochester.

Miss Gertrude Tate sailed from Montreal for England last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Strathy have left for a trip to the coast.

Mrs. J. E. Elliott is spending a week near London.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster Chaffee are staying with Mrs. James Cautin, Sherbrooke street, Montreal.

Mr. W. H. Blake, K. C., has gone to join his family down the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Bruce Macdonald spent the week-end at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. C. E. Fell, of Buffalo, was in town for a short time last week.

Mr. Hal Osler and Mr. R. C. H. Cassels have returned to town.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald sailed for England this week, Mr. J. Gordon Macdonald accompanying them as far as New York.

The marriage of Miss Stella Algean Beuter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard P. Beuter, Newcastle, and Mr. Herman Clark Anderson, manager of the Dominion Permanent Loan Co., Guelph, has been arranged to take place on the first Wednesday in September.

Sir James Gowan passed through Toronto this week on his way to England.

Dr. and Mrs. Murray McFarlane have returned from a three months' trip through Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Malcolm, Rosedale, announce the engagement of their daughter, Jessie, to Rex Ewart Nicholson, son of Mr. Frank Nicholson, Toronto. The marriage will take place very quietly in October.

Mr. E. H. Bissett returned to the city last Monday from a two weeks' cruise through the lakes and the Thousand Islands. The outing, which was given and chaperoned by Mrs. G. A. Sheriff, of Brockville, on the Fulford yacht Magedoma, was a thoroughly enjoyable one, ideal weather being encountered all along the trip. Several places were visited, including Toronto, on the return from the Henley Regatta. The members of this exceedingly jolly party, other than Mr. Bissett, were: Mrs. Sheriff, Miss Dautre, of Ottawa; Miss Julia Patterson, of Dayton, Ohio; Mr. C. W. McLean, of Montreal; Mr. Jas. Sheriff, of New York; Mr. Bert Sheriff, of Brockville, and Mr. Percy Sheriff also of Brockville.

Mrs. Charles Roberts and her young son arrived this week from Pasadena, Cal., to pay a lengthy visit with her sister, Miss Alexander, at 211 Delaware avenue.

"I adore Wagner," says Madame Patti. "I have never sung his music on the stage. He did not compose for my voice as Verdi and Gounod did. But I love him all the same. I never met Wagner, because he refused to know me. And the reason was that I refused to create the part of Kundry in 'Parsifal.' Wagner often heard me sing at Covent Garden, and told my brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch, that he was writing the part of Kundry for me in 'Parsifal.' But I thought there was a great deal of shrieking to do in the part, and refused to sing it. Wagner was furious, and never would meet me. All of which has never prevented me from lauding his music to the skies."

It gives one an idea of old social customs to note that in 1883 that Mr. Gladstone wrote as follows to the Prince of Wales, now King Edward: "I am very much shocked at an omission which I made last night in failing to ask your Royal Highness' leave to be the first to quit Lord Alchester's agreeable party in order that I might attend to my duties in the House of Commons. When I was a young man, not only did the company remain united if a member of the royal family were present, but I well recollect the application of the same rule in the case of the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Miss Ellen Terry was born in Coventry fifty-nine years ago. Two houses in that English city claim to be her birthplace. One house has the sign: "This is the birthplace of Miss Ellen Terry"; the other, just opposite, bears the legend: "This is the original birthplace of Miss Ellen Terry."

PLEATED SKIRTS

Made to order from
your own material.

Knife and Accordion Pleating
of all Kinds.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

FEATHERBONE NOVELTY MFG. CO.

Limited

266-274 KING STREET WEST

BRANCHES: 112 Yonge Street, 236 Yonge Street, Telephones Main (9808) 3504 3806

TORONTO

MONTREAL: Room 16, Birk's Bldg.



CHICKERING PIANOS

(Established 1823.)

Sold only by---

H. W. BURNETT CO., LIMITED

276 Yonge Street

TORONTO

COWAN'S

PERFECTION

C O C O A

If people only knew how beneficial to health a really pure cocoa is Cowan's Maple Leaf Cocoa would be in every home.

The COWAN CO., Limited
Toronto



COWAN'S
C O C O A

SELLERS-GOUGH FUR COMPANY, Limited

OUR NEW STORE

FOR the past three months our premises have been in possession of the contractor and skilled artisan. As you know, we have doubled our factory and store by securing the store one door north of our original premises. This was done to enable us to take care of our ever increasing business. We invite the ladies of Toronto to pay us a visit, when we believe that we will be able to show you something a little different, and rather unique, and we believe out of the ordinary for Canadian stores.

We are showing a complete display of our new creations in exclusive fur garments. The same thorough workmanship, exclusive style, and first quality that has made it necessary for us to double both our work rooms and show rooms, will be maintained this year in the strictest integrity.

All garments are moderately priced, and every garment is absolutely guaranteed to be as represented.

SELLERS-GOUGH FUR COMPANY, LIMITED
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\$100 Diamond Value

We show a very wide range of Ladies' Diamond Rings at this price—principally solitaires, twins, three-stones and five-stones—although we show cluster designs as well.

Ring beauty depends almost entirely on the quality of the jewels employed. Expert knowledge and buying advantage place us in a position to offer our patrons the very best possible Diamond Ring value, and especially so when \$100 is to be the amount invested.

B. & H. B. KENT

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144 Yonge Street, Toronto



The introduction of the Autonola into a home transforms that home from a place where music is seldom heard to one in which music—all the compositions of the centuries—is at the command of every member of the family, for everyone becomes a performer. The Bell Playerpiano actually means that every person can play, and play easily and well, music of every description.

Not only is this a magnificent piano for playing with the aid of music-rolls and treadles, but it is an exquisitely beautiful instrument of the regular character as well. It can be played by hand in the usual way, and the change from one form to another is merely a matter of sliding treadles into the case, and pulling the spool box panel. The Bell Playerpiano is thus in reality TWO PIANOS IN ONE.

The difficulty in the way of having satisfactory music that is so common in most homes—"there is no one who plays often enough to play well"—is completely overcome where this Playerpiano of ours is introduced. Everyone, old or young, and whether familiar with the keyboard or not, can play—and play with expression and feeling.

We take your old piano in exchange as part payment at a valuation that our representative will be pleased to make you. On receipt of a postal card or telephone message he will be pleased to call day or evening. Or we would be glad to have you visit our warerooms and play this marvellous instrument for yourself. You can select your music from a collection of over two thousand rolls, which we have on hand in our music library.

See this wonderful instrument at Bell Piano Pavilion in Manufacturers' Building at Toronto Exhibition Grounds and also at

BELL PIANO WAREROOMS
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Pianos Rented

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Open July 1, 1907

New Building, New Furnishings, New Everything. Magnificent Bathing Beach safe for smallest child. Boating, Fishing, Golf, Tennis, Croquet, Dancing, etc., Music during luncheon and dinner hours. Electric lights, and all modern improvements.
Rooms with and without bath, single and en suite. Rates from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day; \$12.00 to \$17.50 per week. Several new cottages to rent. For information write to Lake Huron Hotel Co., Sarnia, Canada.



This precipice is a mile and a half long and 300 to 500 feet high, with perpendicular face.

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For prospectus and full particulars write the Manager, BON ECHO INN, Bon Echo P. O., Frontenac County, Ontario.

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Your vacation will be sure to be most enjoyable at this most delightful resort. It is in the highlands of Ontario; healthful climate; in fact, there is everything that goes to make your vacation a success at BON ECHO INN.

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The Lake Shore Express
Fast Train for
MUSKOKA LAKES

Leaves Toronto 10 A.M., connecting at Bala Park and Lake Joseph with Muskoka Nav. Co. Steamers; arrive Beaumaris 2.15 P.M., Port Cockburn 3.00 P.M., Port Sandfield 3.30 P.M., Royal Muskoka 4.30 P.M., other points in proportion.
Office: Cor. King and Toronto Sts., and Union Station.
Phone, Main 5600-5179.



Dr. Goldwin Smith
Toronto's most distinguished citizen, who celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday on Tuesday of this week.

An Englishman in Canada

A London Journalist gives His Impressions of the Dominion and its People

MR. HAMILTON FYFE, a well-known English journalist, recently toured Canada, and he has just concluded a series of articles in the London Daily Mail on "The Land of the Future." Some of his impressions are not favorable, and a number of them are given herewith, because it always does Canadians good to read what visitors from overseas think of us, whether their criticisms are well founded or not.

Mr. Fife thinks that neither the Canadian boy or man is as good a sportsman as the English. He says: "Canada as a whole has not yet come to a full understanding of the value of education. It is only the few who can see any use in imparting to the young knowledge which will not be of direct service to them in making a fortune. The same material spirit is far too prevalent among the young themselves. The Canadian boy is not so good a sportsman as the English. He plays games to win rather than for the sake of the game. There is a reason for this in the newness of the country. Life is a serious business in a land which has to be won from wild nature. There is real live-or-die fighting to be done every day. No room for dilettantism. The keynote of character built upon such foundations is deadly earnestness. No doubt the Englishman would be a vastly better man if he had the Canadian's determination and grit. Yet it seems a pity all the same that Canada should not have produced a more sportsmanlike spirit."

Mr. Fife cites, as an example of our lack of "sportsmanlike" qualities, the fact that many Canadians thought it rather odd that General Botha should have been lionized to such an extent in London, at the time of the Colonial Conference. The tenor of his reproach runs thus:

"Why should an enemy be honored? they asked, and referred bitterly to the number of Canadians killed and maimed in the war. It was impossible to make them understand the Englishman's respect for an enemy who has put up a good fight against him. That was too detached an attitude of mind for them."

The writer was much impressed by the omnipresence of the Scot in Canada. In Nova Scotia:

"Nearly all the names smack of banks and braes. In the little club at North Sydney I was at once offered the national drink, which upon inquiry I found to be whisky. In several places Gaelic services are still held on Sundays, and there was until not long ago a little Gaelic newspaper published at Sydney. Scotsmen get on well in every part of Canada. They are more adaptable than the English. They do not grumble. They fit in. There is a quietly thriving air, which reminds me of Scotland, about the small shipping and coal-mining towns of Cape Breton Island, where there is also the finest Canadian iron and steel plant. Sir William Van Horne looks forward to this easterly part of Canada becoming one of the great manufacturing centres of the world. Sydney must be a great city, he thinks; a great shipbuilding centre; and another Sheffield as well. It is a quiet little place enough now, lying under the wooded shore of its wide-spreading, beautiful harbor, but the seeing eye can detect germs of growth and grandeur. Scottish, too, the atmosphere of such prosperous little manufacturing centres as New Glasgow, Truro, Amherst and Pictou. It is a common complaint that there is not enough enterprise among the well-to-do people in Nova Scotia. The Scots have their national characteristic of caution very strongly developed, and the English lack ambition. Ontario calls the Maritime Provinces sleepy, and Winnipeg humorously pretends to think they are dead. But they go along quietly and comfortably, content with moderate wealth (that is what the West cannot understand!) and convinced that slow and sure is the best pace. You might think it impossible to arouse them to enthusiasm if you never saw them at a Scottish concert, a curling match, or a St. Andrew's Day dinner. You would not call them phlegmatic after that."

"If you ever want to travel through Nova Scotia on a Sunday you will have good reason to remember the old saying that the Scots keep the Sabbath and everything else they can lay hands on. The stations are all deserted. There are no trains running. From Saturday midnight till Monday morning the Intercolonial Railway, which serves the East from Montreal, running through Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, is out of business. Nor is it only in Nova Scotia, by the way, that the Sunday Observance Party are strong. Indeed, Nova Scotia does not go so far as certain other provinces. In Toronto a clergyman recently threatened to prosecute a florist, who sent flowers to a funeral on a Sunday, under the law prohibiting Sunday trading. An even more absurd case happened in the same province (Ontario) while I was there. An immigrant from England, who had built himself and his family a little wooden house, was putting in some work at it early on a Sunday morning—on his own house, mind. A constable heard of it, and told him he would be summoned under the law forbidding Sunday work if he committed this grave offence again!"

It is interesting to know what the Englishman thinks of Canadian travelling methods. The impressions left by the jolting by rail from Cobalt to North Bay were not pleasant: "A hot, swaying, dusty train, in which one was put to sleep on a shelf where a man bumps his head every time he tries to sit up straight, and can only get his trousers off by balancing himself on the back of his neck." But the main line from North Bay west tells quite a different tale: "I swung myself up into a sleeper. The black porter welcomed me with a flashing smile, the conductor put his arm affectionately round me as he looked at my ticket and told me we were only an hour and twenty minutes late. My fit of depression fell away from me. How many more miles? Two thousand and five hundred, at the rate of about twenty-five an hour? That was nothing to be afraid of. To keep moving—that is the only way to enjoy life. Sleep? I should sleep like a log (and so I did, not only that night, but every night I passed on the train)."

"You have to be comfortable on long journeys, otherwise you will die. Imagine spending five days in an English railway carriage. You would never finish them alive. On the C.P.R. trains you need never get even stiff. You have plenty of room, to begin with; a seat three feet long all to yourself, and lots of space for your feet. The cars, with ample passage way down the centre, are light and lofty. When you are tired of your own seat you can go to the smoking-room, literally a room some twelve feet square, with sofas and lolling-chairs, basins for hand-washing (always scrupulously clean), and an ice-water filter, a god-send in hot weather. Through the mountains you can sit in an observation car, from which you enjoy the scenery all around, while at any time you can stand on the platform at the end of your car to get a little fresh air and see all there is to be seen. You could not do this with any comfort if the train were running fast: there is one of the many advantages of jogging along at a moderate pace. An average of 25 miles an hour may sound tedious, but to travel at a high speed for several days would be terribly tiring."

Mr. Fife refers to our manner of eating: "You get for breakfast a choice of several fruits, several cereals, and a dozen meat, fish or egg dishes. For lunch there are soups, hot and cold meats, sweets, cheese and dessert. The dollar-a-head dinner gives you an even larger assortment of plats to select from, though the Canadian (like the American) prefers to eat heartily of one or two dishes, instead of going through a regular dinner. He is in the habit, too, of drinking tea or coffee with his meals. This is a custom found among all classes both in Canada and the United States. I am inclined to set it down as one of the reasons for the enormous number of drug stores in both countries. On a Sunday evening in Vancouver, for example, when all the other shops and liquor stores were shut, I counted fewer than seventeen drug stores brightly lit up and doing a brisk business. It is true they sell sweets and other things besides, but the consumption of cheap patent medicines is enormous. I should think tea and coffee must be to a large extent the cause."

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Queen Quality Shoes

Regular \$4.50 Lines, Reduced \$3.59.
Regular \$3.75 Lines, Reduced \$2.98.

EVERYBODY knows that this store holds the sole Toronto Agency for the famous American Queen Quality Shoes. This brand is the most widely known shoe for women in the world. The price of the Queen Quality Shoe in this store is regularly \$4.50 and \$3.75, according to style. We have done an immense business with these shoes all summer. This is what we are going to do now:—

All the ODD SIZES, BROKEN LINES, DISCONTINUED STYLES, SUMMER OXFORDS and DISTINCTLY SUMMER LINES OF ALL SORTS are set aside and will be on sale August 15th to 21st, reduced as follows:—

Ladies' High-class "Queen Quality" Boots and Oxfords, made on stylish good fitting lasts, from patent kid, patent colt, fine vici kid and calf leathers, patent vamps with dull calf and kid tops, vici kid with patent toe-caps, Blucher, buttoned and straight laced styles, light, medium and heavy oak bark tanned leather soles, the finest product of the Queen Quality factory, popular sizes and widths, regular \$4.50 value, on sale \$3.59; regular \$3.75 value, on sale \$2.98.

NOTE—As we have only a limited number—buy early.

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NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE
CANADA

A delightfully situated up-to-date hotel with more attractions than any other resort in Canada. Tennis Tournament the week of August 26. Golf Course in excellent condition. Tennis Courts, Bowling Greens, Garage. Distilled water free of charge.

WINNETT & THOMPSON, Props. L. W. MAXSON, Manager.

NIAGARA FALLS CANADA



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LOCATED on a rise of ground at Victoria Point, overlooking the Grand Canyon, it is the only hotel that commands the unobstructed view of the American and Horse Shoe Falls and the Great Gorge. The Cuisine and conveniences are the most perfect modern methods can devise.

Rooms single or en suite, with or without private bath. American Plan rates \$4 to \$6 per day. Beautiful Illustrated Booklet, showing the scenic surroundings, and artistic interiors of this superb hostelry, mailed upon application.

G. E. MAJOR, Manager.

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Just the place to spend your vacation.

Boating, Fishing, Tennis.

Steamer Kawartha available for parties to any point on the lakes. Cuisine the best.

Open for Commercial trade the year round.

Fenelon Falls, Ontario

Sporting Comment

FROM the reports that come in from time to time it would appear that the pheasants turned loose in the woods of the Pacific slope a few years ago are finding their new quarters very congenial.

An English sportsman, recently returned from a shooting and fishing trip to the coast, reports seeing four coveys of sturdy young birds in the course of a day's tramp. He also said that they appeared to be immune from the usual diseases that have brought pheasant raising to the point of a fine art in England, and in fact are so thoroughly in tune with their surroundings that they are increasing at the rate of 100 per cent. a year.

These figures do not tell the whole story, however. My sporting informant considered that in a few years, if the present rate of increase is kept up, the birds will become a pest. When startled they take refuge in the almost impenetrable bush, and refuse to be lured out where they may be slain with some degree of certainty. Thus man is removed from the list of their natural enemies, and the climate being friendly they have nothing to contend with but the foxes, weasels and other vermin with a penchant for eggs and young birds.

There is something decidedly novel in the idea of game-birds becoming a pest. Most of us who would cower in a sneak-boat for hours under the chill morning sky of autumn, on the off chance of bagging a brace or so of ducks, can hardly imagine conditions such as were predicted, but the Briton was quite serious and said he expected to see his prophecy fulfilled in a few short years.

In the olden days it was considered the correct thing for a party of men on a fishing trip to slay without compunction as many fish as could be induced to take the bait. No limit was placed on number or size, and the man who could bring to camp the largest catch was the hero of the hour, and was photographed against a background of dead fish of various degrees of freshness. There was an idea that this sort of thing was becoming obsolete, but the fishing is still with us, and when two or three of them gather together the same old slaughter takes place.

There is a certain small lake among the mountains in Southern Quebec, that until quite recently, was, as a native put it, "chock full er trout." This lake was a bit off the beaten track and was visited mainly as a charming bit of scenery. But after while, other more accessible waters becoming fished out, anglers began to turn their attention to this modest little 100 acre pond and the result was just what one would expect.

In the farm house at the end of the lake a rough book of record was kept, where visitors might inscribe their impressions, with the date of their visit, or anything else they might like to put down. In turning over the leaves, I came upon the following entry:

"July 11th, 1904, 137 Trout.
July 12th, 1904, 119 "
July 13th, 1904, 145 "

Total 401
Can anyone beat this?"

Below this remarkable document were inscribed the names of the three animals who were responsible for it. In their besotted ignorance they imagined decent people would stand agape at their exploit, and probably went back to the American town that suffered their presence with fatuous tales of what they had done.

Is it any wonder decent fishermen

arise in their wrath when they witness the devastation these sort of people are creating? Is it any wonder that when you go back to the little lake you knew in your youth, you find it uninhabited, saving the presence of thirteen chub and a mud-turtle?

ON Tuesday the Seneca won the third and final race in the contest for the Canada's Cup. The series of contests proved beyond a doubt that she is the superior of Mr. Cawthra Mulock's challenger, the Adele, in any sort of weather.

The official time for the three races is as follows:—

First race—Start, Adele, 1.00.25; Seneca, 1.00.31. First stake, Seneca, 2.35.20; Adele, 2.42.38. Second stake, Seneca, 3.34.38; Adele, 3.45.45. Finish, Seneca, 5.58.22; Adele did not finish.

Second race—Start, Adele, 11.30.00; Seneca, 11.30.05. Turn, Adele, 1.05.21; Seneca, 1.05.36. Finish, Seneca, 2.51.16; Adele, 2.56.54.

Third race—Start, Adele, 11.15.10; Seneca, 11.15.13. First turn, Seneca, 12.46.42; Adele, 12.52.14. Second turn, Seneca, 1.38.10; Adele, 1.45.04. Finish, Seneca, 2.31.50.

Mr. Jarvis again proved himself to be a fine, cool, resourceful skipper but he had a hopeless task. It was a contest between designers, and the designer of the best racing machine won. It seems to be the opinion of sportsmen that English yacht designers, who know nothing of conditions of water and weather here, cannot be counted upon to design a winner for such a contest as that for the Canada's Cup.

THE Lambton Golf Club is to be congratulated on the high quality of the American entries in the recent tournament. These players clearly demonstrated their class by the ease with which they familiarized themselves with the difficulties of a course that is conceded to be extra hazardous. They also accepted victory or defeat as they came, with the calm philosophy that characterized the true sport.

It has been the writer's opinion, expressed more than once in these columns, that the time was ripe for the admission of outsiders to Canadian golfing events, and the tournament just over bears out that contention. We do not need to coddle our players and protect them from the rude blasts of outside competition. Turn them loose, to fend for themselves and if they can't win out in open competition let them stay with the game they can. That's the proper attitude for self-respecting Canadians and the present tournament is a step in the right direction.

CANADIAN oarsmen made a fine showing at Philadelphia last week. Indeed their remarkable work was the feature of the great regatta. They had a small entry list, and were pitted against the best crews in the United States, but they practically won everything in sight.

All told the Canadians, represented by the Argonaut Rowing Club, of Toronto; the Don Rowing Club, also of Toronto, and the St. Mary's A. A., of Halifax, won four firsts, two seconds and one third. In fact the Canadians either won or were placed in every event in which they started. Of the visitors the Argonaut Rowing Club carried off the most honors, with three firsts. The Argonauts won the senior paid-oared shells and the senior four-oared shells, both of which were rowed on Friday, and the senior eight-oared shells, both of the features of the afternoon's programme.

The Don R.C. had the honor of scoring a sensational triumph in the senior double sculls, and by their victory over such men as Zane and Myers, of the Bachelors R. C., and Stivers and Mehrhoff, of the Nassaus, New York, proved their high calibre.

THE tournament for Canadian and international lawn tennis championship will com-

mence on the Queen's Royal courts at Niagara-on-the-Lake on Monday, August 26. Added interest will be given to the tournament by the appearance, in the ladies' championship contest, of Miss May Sutton, who has just returned from winning the English and other championships.

Events are all comers' singles.—First and second prizes. The winner to play I. C. Wright, Boston, for the International Challenge Bowl. Entry fee, \$2.00.

Handicap.—Open to all comers. First and second prizes. Entry fee, \$2.00.

Men's doubles (International Championship).—First and second prizes. Entry fee \$1.50 each player.

Ladies' singles.—All comers first and second prizes. Winner to hold International Championship Cup. Entry fee, \$1.00.

All-comers' singles (Canadian Championship).—Open to residents of Canada only. First and second prizes. Entry fee, \$2.00.

Men's doubles (Canadian Championship).—Open to residents of Canada only. Winners to play R. A. Burns and E. S. Glasco, holders. Entry fee, \$1.50 each.

Ladies' singles (Canadian Championship).—Open to residents of only. Winner to play Miss Lois Moyes, holder.

THE result of the motor-boat races held recently off Southampton, England, has caused something akin to consternation in English and Continental factories. The Dixie, owned by the commodore of the American Auto-Boat Association clearly demonstrated her superiority over her rivals and capped her performances by defeating the crack of the English motor fleet, Daimler II., by a good margin over a 35 mile course.

It is but natural that the European manufacturers and motor skippers should be dubious about the permanency of their laurels. The Dixie has none of the exaggerated rakishness of aspect that was considered a necessary adjunct of racing machines, neither has she been used to advertise some particular make of engine, and yet she was able to come to foreign waters and clean up everything in sight. All previously accepted canons of the sport have been violated and the problem is: What will the pushful American do next?

OWNERS of high-speed power craft are beginning to discover that they have a problem to face that resembles very much the situation that confronts the possessor of an automobile. Complaints are being heard on every side of the reckless and irresponsible manner in which many of these boats tear up and down some of the narrower navigable waters of the province, and as in the case of the auto, the owner who is careful suffers for the misdeeds of the heedless.

It stands to reason that a boat forced through the water at speed varying from fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour is going to cause considerable of a swell, if the water is at all shallow or restricted in area, and these swells constitute a real danger to canoes, coming as they do at various tangents and being practically invisible at night time.

If the conditions set up by some of these speed-crazy people are allowed to continue it will mean that in certain sections no one but an expert will take a chance in a canoe after sundown. It will mean the development of an indiscriminating prejudice against power boats and their owners, that no amount of talk will allay. It is up to decent owners to do their part in restraining irresponsible whose mental balance wheel is off centre.

UNEQUALLED MONTREAL SERVICE.

Grand Trunk Expresses leave Toronto daily at 9.00 a.m., 9.00 p.m. and 10.15 p.m. The 9.00 a.m. has Pullman sleeper to Boston and Portland, Cafe-parlor car to Montreal (meals a la carte). The 9.00 p.m. has Pullman sleeper and the 10.15 p.m. has four or more modern sleepers to Montreal, also Pullman sleeper to Kingston Wharf, connecting at 6.00 a.m. with steamer for 1,000 Islands and St. Lawrence river.

Tickets, reservation and full information at City Office, northwest corner of King and Yonge streets.

The Song of The Reel.

There's music in the whisper of the gentle summer breeze,
That woos the slumbering melody from all the forest trees;
There's music in the ripple of the crystal mountain stream,
That haunts the soul of memory like some forgotten dream.
God's very sunshine seems to trill a glorious symphony,
As when, with note discordant, shrill, the reel goes, Zee!-ee!-ee!

And then all nature seems to stop, as though a master hand
Had waved aloft a magic wand to still some monster band.
Mute are the bees, the nodding trees bend low to catch the sound,
And all the voices of the wood in that one note are drowned.
The warbling bird, no longer heard in joyous jubilee,
Pays tribute to his rival when the reel goes, Zee!-ee!-ee!

Zee!-ee! Zee!-ee! Ah! note so free, that fills the angler's soul!
With joy such as no mortal felt who never handled pole;
Who never knew the ecstasy, the quivering delight,
Of equal conflict with such game as e'en the gods would fight!
Zee!-ee! Zee!-ee! Ah! tingling song, ne'er was such melody,
As when with note discordant, shrill, the reel goes, Zee!-ee!-ee!

—Puck.

Here are a couple of excellent examples of modern newspaper sporting vernacular. The following is a description of a golf play printed in the New York Press:

To the home hole the Garden City man hit the play with his second, while his opponent on the like landed in the woods. To the nineteenth Travis half hit his tee shot, but a fine, second enabled him to snatch a half in four. Playing the twentieth, the Garden City veteran approached his putter some sixty yards away and was short. Fownes, on the other hand, pitched the lie dead and won the hole and the match.

And this is an account of a baseball game printed in the Chicago Tribune:

Mr. Mathewson lived up to his rep for a little while. Before the big show ended the Cubs made him feel like an expired meal-ticket looks—i.e., full of holes. Fifteen swats for a total of eighteen bases would have eked more runs but for the chivalry and beauty which fringed the field on all sides. The champions required nine hits to tie the score and twelve to win by a margin of one run. This shows how hard Matty died and how well and truly the Giants stuck to him in adversity.

Much flub dub caused the doings to listen like a riot in a boiler-factory, but the noise was all of the glad kind. Twice the cops evicted disorderly victims for kicking up bush league fusses near the grass on which the Giants sat in lieu of benches. These were irresponsible parties that had no connection with organized bands of rooters. One of them who wore whiskers was snapt by twenty-seven phots while the cops were walking Spanish out of the yard. Serves him right. At the conclusion of the festivities one of the largest cops now in captivity escorted Cy Seymour through the bulked humanity. There was no need to build a wall of beef and locusts around Cy. No one molested him. A few chivalry hissed him the first time up and then forgot all about Cy and his late unpleasantness with Mr. Tinker. What's the use of holding a grudge? Put it in cold storage.

Owner of Motor Car (to chauffeur)—Have you a recommendation from your last employer? Chauffeur—no, sir; but I can get one in the course of a month or so. Owner of Motor Car—Why the delay? Chauffeur—He's in the hospital.—Tit-Bits.

Knicker—There are plenty of books telling how to save life while waiting for the doctor. Bocker—Yes. What we need is one telling the young doctor how to save his life while waiting for the patient.—Harper's Bazaar.



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Highest Class Special Features Battle of Badajos (Nightly)
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Ask for a "GILBEY DRY MARTINI"—Gin Rickey

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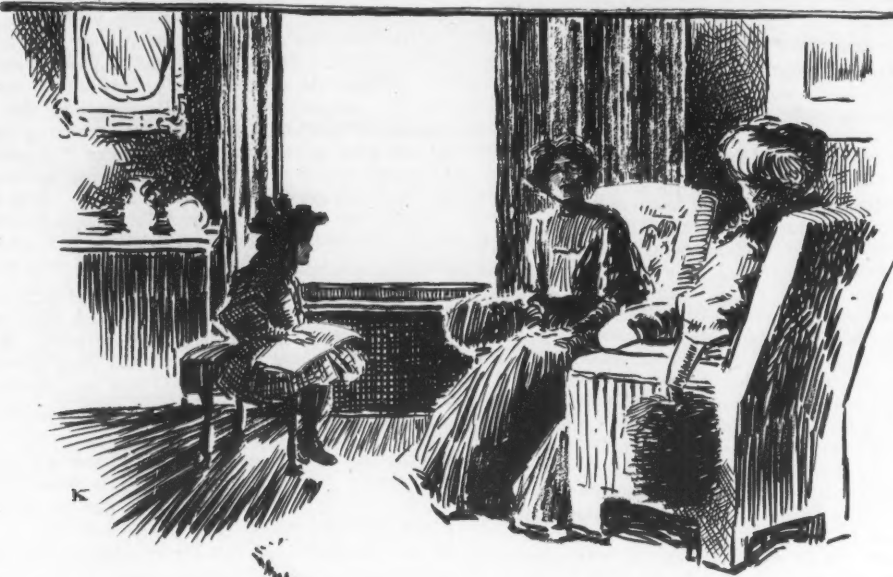
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Taylor Riddy Davidson Balfour
The Famous Argonaut Four

At the Dominion Day Regatta they won the junior fours; at the Canada's Cup they won the junior fours, entered and won in the intermediate, took the place of a older crew and won the senior fours. After this crew of study they went to Philadelphia and became champions of America by beating their best foreign rivals in a race of some 10 miles in the land—beaten by the last year's champions, the Ravenswood and Century, Mount City.

THE JUDGE'S WIDOW

A STUDY IN
HUMAN NATURE

M

ADAME LE GROS lived on "The Cape," Quebec, in a large cut-stone house, which faced the governor's gardens. One section of the Quebec people described her as "that poor dear frivolous Madame Le Gros." Others who were inclined to frivolity and amusement, called her "that dear delightful charming old lady."

She was the wife of a great local magnate and one learned in the law. The magnate was many years older than his wife, so that when she was a frisky dame of sixty, or thereabouts he was nearing ninety, and had arrived at the state described by Shakespeare as: "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

In due course of time the magnate was gathered to his fathers, and his widow grieved for him very truly and warmly. Nevertheless, she was particular to see that her mourning was becoming, and that Plover and Pie sent home exactly the right allowance of crape suitable to an inconsolable widow. All the winter following the judge's death Madame Le Gros received only intimate friends, and her historic card parties were discontinued. By way of recreation she drove up and down John street every afternoon, muffled in her crape and wearing an expression to match her weeds; nevertheless, her human, joyous nature took a pleasure hardly known to herself in the brightness of all about her. She noted the smartest tandems and the prettiest sleighs, whose fair robes were richest, and whose sleigh bells were best mounted. Mrs. May's new sealskin met with her warmest admiration, and pretty Dollie Duncan's snow-shoeing costume she voted chic and delightful. She wondered whether Captain Summer was really going to fall in love with Miss Hammond, and if Mlle. de la Rue were trifling with that poor young subaltern's affections. Then she turned her attention to the Cameron children, and kissed her hand to them all effusively. She even stopped her sleigh at Blank's the confectioner's, and ordered "lollipops" for their benefit. Afterwards she looked in for vespers at the French Cathedral, and drove home well content.

When, however, Madame had dined, and found herself night after night *tete-a-tete* in her comfortable drawing-room with her ancient and uninteresting companion, she began to wish that card parties and grief were not incompatible. She scanned the Quebec Chronicle for news, and scolded Mademoiselle for her stupidity for having heard no gossip that day. She played a mild game of draughts, drank a glass of hot punch, fondled her pug, yawned, was intolerably bored, and went early to bed. The following autumn a few choice friends were admitted nightly for whist, and before the winter closed Madame's receptions were as crowded as ever—Madame, meanwhile abating no signs of eternal grief, and wearing her crape of the prescribed depth.

Madame Le Gros was a wonderfully well preserved woman. Her enemies (and she had many) accounted for her freshness and smoothness of her skin by declaring that she slept with beefsteaks tied to her cheeks. Her nut-brown hair was declared to emanate from the barber's shop, or to owe its coloring to his skill; but slander erred in both instances, as it very often does. She had been a beauty in her youth, and she retained a large share of this gift in her age, but she was innocent of dye or "aids to beauty."

I shall never forget my first acquaintance with Madame Le Gros. In my own home the Sunday card parties had been severely condemned,

By
LADY JEPHSON

and the old lady alluded to as a sad instance of aged depravity. I had always nourished a keen curiosity to see the inside of the Wicked House, and, above all, longed to find myself face to face with the wicked person, and one day an unsuspecting friend took me there unknown to my mother.

How my heart beat as I crept after her up the softly carpeted staircase; and what a sensation of guilty pleasure thrilled me at the thought that I was perilling my soul in the House of Rimmon. In my own mind, from piecing together casual remarks and dwelling upon them, I had conjured up in my imagination a being in whom horns and a tail were marked characteristics. The subject fascinated me beyond description. It seemed to me valiant to imitate Christian and face Apollyon on his own ground, and I remembered well how Christian had resisted the blandishments of Mrs. Light-Mind and Mrs. Love-the-Flesh. My astonishment and disappointment were great when I was introduced to an ord nary-looking, handsome old lady (who sat tatting at the window) and learnt that she was Madame Le Gros.

"Well, my dear," said Apollyon, "so you are little Margaret MacGregor! How is your pretty mother? Did she send a message to me? No? Never mind! Perhaps we shall be on good terms in heaven all the same."

"Oh, no! Madame," I said, shocked at such levity. "You won't go to heaven if you play cards and wears a wig. Mamma says so."

Madame laughed heartily. "In the first place I don't wear a wig," said she, "and you may tell your mother so, with my love, and in the second place I never see any harm in cards, but a great deal of harm in speaking ill of my neighbors, and that you may tell your mother, too, my child."

Then she praised my blue eyes and golden hair, and said I should keep up the reputation of my family for good looks, and I listened not altogether displeased, but fearful lest I, like Hope and Christian, should become entangled in the meshes of Flatterer's net. Such remarks as these were strongly reprobated in my own family. "Perhaps," I thought with a thrill of excitement, "this was Madame Bubble, and if so, I must follow Standfast's example and resist her enticements mightily."

"My eyes are green and my hair is mud-colored. Mamma says so," said I stoutly.

Madame Le Gros laughed again, and said something in French to my friend which I did not understand.

"If it prefers to be called ugly, it shall be," she said stroking my head. "And now go and play me a tune, my dear, something martial like the 'Marseillaise.' What did you say? The piano out of tune, Mademoiselle. How can you talk such nonsense when no one has played on it for over a year! Very nice indeed, my child. Now you can come here and I will show you my famous screen. When I am dead and gone you can think of me and it together. Draw out the screen, please, Mademoiselle—so, with the light well on it, that we may see the pictures!"

The piece of furniture alluded to was original enough, and it owed its embodiment to Madame Le Gros' *bizarre* and unconventional mind. It was a white wooden framework in which were set numerous photographs and an occasional letter and autograph.

"Now, my love," said Madame, "this is the history of Canada's society and politics for many a long

day. Here you will find the governors and their wives, commanders-in-chief, military and naval, great statesmen, judges, even two royal princes who have visited Quebec. You will perceive that all are signed and dated. Here is Mr. McGreevy, who was assassinated years ago, and Sir Etienne Cartier, and there is Lord Monck, and yonder a bishop. This is a famous general, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and this one here is a Canadian author, Fennings Taylor. I was promised a photograph of Her Gracious Majesty once, that would have made my screen complete, but the man who was going to send it from England died, unfortunately. Now sit and look at all these wonderful people whilst I talk to Mrs. Carr; and Mademoiselle, fetch the child some chocolate to discuss meanwhile."

By this time, whether influenced by Madame's charm or chocolates I cannot say, but I had altogether shifted my ground in the Pilgrim's Progress. Instead of regarding Madame Le Gros as Apollyon, or even Mrs. Love-the-Flesh, I felt convinced that she was none other than Godly-Man assailed by those demons Prejudice and Ill-will. I munched my chocolates, gazed at bidden at the screen, and fancied myself on Mount Innocence.

The room was low-ceilinged and eminently cosy in shape and arrangement. A fire burned in the grate, and deep armchairs covered with old-fashioned chintz were placed on either side of it. The walls were lined with low bookcases latticed in brass wire, and on the top of the bookcases stood blue china plates, a fat Chinese figure—whose tongue kept bobbing about alarmingly—and several gigantic Oriental vases. No books or magazines lay on the tables, for Madame Le Gros never read anything but the daily newspaper. She said she liked to originate ideas for herself, not imitate them cut and dried out of books. I had heard my mother allude to this idiosyncrasy, and I wondered whether report had erred again, as it had about the wig. At all events I determined to find out.

"Madame," said I, "is it true that you don't like books and never read them?"

"Quite true, my dear, quite true. For once rumor has spoken gospel truth. It is reading too many books nowadays, take my word for it, that makes the majority of people exactly alike. All cut out after the same pattern—all their ideas running in paralleled grooves. They read 'Telemaque' and 'Henri Quatre' and 'Charles Douze,' Caesar and Ovid and Virgil (and I know not what besides), as girls and boys, and when they have consumed the prescribed amount of mental diet they are as stupid and gorged as a boa-constrictor. They have no individuality of thought left, no originality—they can only assimilate. My education was neglected when I was young, and that is why I am not an utterly dull old woman."

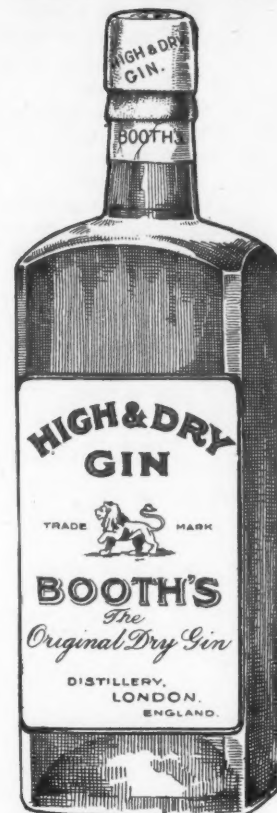
Distilled poison again dropped into my ears! I trembled guiltily. What would my governess say to such unorthodoxy?

"But, Madame, what books are these then, and who reads them?"

"They are books on all subjects, my dear, and were the poor judge's, he did not agree with me over that matter, which was just as well, as it gave rise to discussion, and prevented our married life from being dull. He was a wonderful reader, my love; but I think he might have been a still greater man had he trusted his own brains where judgments were concerned, and not leant too entirely on these fusty old legal commentaries. How d'ye do! How d'ye do!" as she smiled and bowed from her window. In a stage aside: "I'm sure I don't know who you are! Well, to be sure! that new colonel's wife is always

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driving about with—but fie upon me now, I'm talking scandal, and what will my father confessor say? I don't mind innocent gossip, but scandal is quite a different thing. Must you be going, Mrs. Carr? Wait a bit! Let me tell you how I punished that impertinent little upstart, Mademoiselle Labouchere. I met her at church last Sunday and she walked home with me afterwards, and all the way she made rude and unkind speeches about her neighbors. When we found ourselves opposite my house she looked up at my windows and said: "I don't like your curtains at all, Madame Le Gros; they are anything but artistic (my beautiful new ones from England, indeed!); they look terribly crude and glaring from the street." So I replied with dignity: "I am

sorry, Madame, that you don't approve of the effect from outside, because assuredly you will never be in a position to judge from the inside. I wish you good morning, Madame," and I sailed into my house. With which specimen of Madame Le Gros repartee we took our departure.

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neer Line" a happy, joyful throng. When you arrive at Muskoka Wharf and see the fine steamers awaiting to take you to your favorite haunt, you will feel satisfied that you have travelled "the proper way." Call at the Grand Trunk City Office, northwest corner of King and Yonge streets, for tickets and illustrated literature with maps.

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JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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!?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

A Strange Coincidence

A SOMEWHAT remarkable incident took place one night last week in Galt. A banquet and re-union was being held by a party of gentlemen who had gathered in 1904 to celebrate a certain achievement by Galt athletes. Seated at the head of the table was Mark Mundy, at that time mayor of Galt. On his right was George A. Graham, proprietor of the Iroquois hotel, Toronto; and on his left P. Radigan of Galt. The party consisted of about thirty persons, and the festivities began at eleven o'clock. A few minutes before midnight a telegram was brought in for Mr. Graham, informing him that he was a grandfather. Congratulations were just over when a messenger brought in a note for Mr. Radigan. He, too, had just become a grandfather. It was a first offence for both of them.



A Story about Sir Wilfrid

DOWN in Ottawa they are telling a good story about Sir Wilfrid Laurier and some of the troubles he has in placating the office-seekers. It is said that at one of the little informal welcomes which mark the Premier's progress wherever he goes, he was met by a stalwart French-Canadian, who greeted him warmly, and in return received one of those hand-clasps for which Sir Wilfrid is noted.

The Premier knew the man's face, but did not recall his name until he proceeded to narrate his grievance. The habitant told the Prime Minister how glad he was to see him looking so well, and proceeded:

"Sir Wilfrid, you have written me many beautiful letters. I prize them very much. They are among the family treasures and shall be handed down to my children and my children's children. They are very beautiful letters; but, and here his voice deepened, 'while I appreciate those letters very much, what I want is the job you promised me!'"

"Oh," replied the Premier, who had by this time recalled the man's name, "but you must remember, my dear M. Blank, that I have a very large family to look after, and I cannot care for them all at once."

Quick as a flash came the retort from the habitant: "You may have a large family, Sir Wilfrid, but so have I, and mine are starving."

The Premier laughed and promised that the coveted job should be forthcoming as soon as there was a vacancy in that particular county, and M. Blank went away satisfied.

How Mr. Eaton Explained

A STORY, vouched for as true, is told of two Irishmen who died within the past few years. One was the late Father Ryan, and the other the late Timothy Eaton. The latter was a native of Ireland and Protestant; the former was a Newfoundlander, educated in Europe, but a loyal Irishman into the bargain. It will be remembered that some years ago there was an agitation against departmental stores, and that all sorts of stories were spread abroad as to the doings of these "octopuses." Among the yarns widely circulated was one to the effect that Mr. Eaton would have no Roman Catholics in his employ.

Parishioners of Father Ryan at St. Michael's Cathedral came to him so often with the story that he resolved to investigate. All that his flock had to tell him was hearsay, so he put on his hat and walked a block from the

Palace to the departmental store, and after sending in his name was received by Mr. Eaton. He asked if the charge were true, and for reply got a smile and an inaudible phrase which might mean yes or no. Father Ryan then commenced to expostulate with his well-known diplomacy and suavity of voice. He pointed out that such a policy could only be the result of an entire misunderstanding and gave many convincing arguments on the subject. Mr. Eaton listened politely and said he would consider the matter. Then he said:

"Father Ryan, would you like to look over the store with me?"

The ecclesiastic acquiesced. They walked through one department, and a girl curtsied and said: "Good day, father." He recognized her as an attendant at the cathedral.

The same thing happened again and again. Some of the employees he recognized; others from other parishes, whom he did not know, bowed to him.

"Now do you think it was necessary to use all those arguments?" asked Mr. Eaton.

The priest apologized and then asked: "Where were you born, Mr. Eaton?"

"In Ireland!" was the reply.

"Faith, I should have guessed that!" said Father Ryan as he shook hands.

Growth of Newspaperdom in Toronto

THE number of casualties and other sensational occurrences is making the "dog days" the busiest time of year for the daily newspapers. Formerly it was extremely difficult to obtain news enough to fill the columns of an ordinary issue, but the most casual reader must have noticed how filled with dramatic incidents the newspapers have been this summer, despite the fact that all the head centres of news such as furnish the pabulum for readers in the autumn and winter time have been, and are, practically closed down. The various episodes, tragic or pseudo-tragic, of the past four weeks would

have been to the city editors of fifteen years ago manna in the wilderness—that is, if they had staffs of reporters to handle them with the speed and comparative accuracy that characterize the work of newspaper men of to-day.

Probably the best proof of the radical growth of the city of Toronto is the enormous increase in the number of reporters employed. This fact was emphasized by Mr. E. E. Sheppard one night after a dinner of that unostentatious organization, the Toronto Press Club. "When I came to Toronto not much more than twenty-five years ago," said Mr. Sheppard, "you could almost line up all the working newspaper men of the city around one large table. Now to-night I counted at least a hundred men I did not know. The city must be growing."

There are a number of old city editors in or about Toronto: Avern Pardee, the provincial librarian; Alexander Fraser, the provincial archivist; Arthur Wallis, of The Mail and Empire; John A. Ewan and E. R. Parkhurst, of The Globe; Thomas A. Gregg, of Erindale, and others. No doubt they look with mingled feelings on the city editors of to-day, who have the staffs and the stories, whereas years ago their duties consisted of making bricks without straw, with the assistance of one or two reporters.

Constables in Conflict
A FEW years ago Mr. Rupert E. Kingsford, the present associate police magistrate, was a resident of Murray street. A large garden surrounded his premises, with abundant grapes. Mr. Kingsford was bothered a great deal by petty thieves who carried off small articles, destroyed the shrubbery, and made havoc generally. Investigation seemed to indicate that the marauders did their work at about two or three in the morning. Mr. Kingsford told the policeman on the beat to keep an eye out for the men, but the thieves, as is usual in such cases, kept pretty close watch on the guardian of the law, and refrained from crime while he was in the neighborhood. Mr. Kingsford then had a "plain clothes" man detailed to lie in his shrubbery all night and keep watch. This order was given, but was unknown to the man on the beat, and the first night the special officer was detailed for service happened to be a very dark one.

Mr. Kingsford was awakened about two o'clock in the morning by the sounds of a most savage encounter among his grape vines. Taking out a light he found the two officers of the law, one in plain clothes and another in uniform, engaged in a deadly grapple. The man on the beat had heard the other fellow lurking in the shrubbery, and assuming he was the thief, came in to arrest him, while the latter had made precisely the same error. Thus a situation precisely similar to that which figures in the old picaresque novels was created.

Death of a Stalwart Liberal
THERE died in Montreal on Saturday last a man bearing a name that will ever stand high on the battle-roll of the Liberal party—Edward Holton, son of the late Hon. Luther Holton, both of whom had represented the county of Chateauguay in the House of Commons. Luther Holton was one of the old guard, a Liberal of the old school that inherited the principles and traditions of Baldwin and Lafontaine. At the general elections which followed Confederation he was returned for Chateauguay, a small but rich and densely populated county about forty miles southwest of Montreal. It bears a name that has a place in Canadian history, for within the limits of the county, and on the banks of the river from which it derives its name, was fought in the war of 1812-14 a battle that turned American invasion into defeat and saved Montreal from attack. In 1867 the population of the county was composed in about equal parts of English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians, although to-day the latter are in a majority. Four times in succession was Luther Holton elected, and he became one of the firm friends and devoted followers of Mackenzie and Blake. When he died he was succeeded by his son, Mr. Edward Holton, whose life came to a close on Saturday last.

The latter sat through two parliaments, and then, owing to a feeling in favor of a local man, Mr. Holton retired. This was considered to be a misfortune by many who believed that Chateauguay should have stood by him, for he was an honorable man, well qualified for public life and worthy of a high place in the public service. His home was in Montreal, and the law was his profession,

although he had never been what would be called a court lawyer. His means did not compel him to practise his profession, and other interests occupied his time. Above all things he was a kind-hearted gentleman, and all who knew him were grieved to hear of his death.

ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, in a recent speech, gave a breezy description of the characteristics of Scotsmen and why they succeed in life—a description of which was the more interesting in that it came from an Irishman, says P. T. O. The Scot, said Lord Charles, is one of the most hard-headed men in the world. He pays the greatest attention to detail. He has proverbial honesty of purpose. He is absolutely straight in his dealings. He has indomitable energy. The Scot is very business-like in his methods, and in many cases he possesses exceptional ability so far as mechanical skill goes. These characteristics of the Scot are the characteristics that have brought the Empire to the place it occupies at the present time. Lord Charles Beresford adds that Englishmen and Irishmen have similar characteristics, but these distinctive qualities are essentially Scottish, and that is why Scotsmen all over the world have advanced to the great positions in every sphere of activity.

It was under a Scotsman that Lord Charles served three years of his apprenticeship to the sea as a midshipman; namely, Sir Houston Stewart, who was one of the finest seamen who ever trod deck. Another great admiral whom he remembered in his early days was Sir Alexander Milne, familiarly known as "Sandy." Recently Lord Charles was over upon business in Canada. One day he saw two trains arriving with emigrants from this country, and he said to the mayor of Calgary, "What lucky people you Canadians are!" because in these trains were the finest specimens of Scotsmen and North of England Englishmen he had ever seen, full of energy and full of go.

Why is it that the severest music finds a ready market in America whereas literature has to wait for its star? Well, says New York Life in answer, for one thing, though every dog has undoubtedly his day, it is seldom, if ever, that two dogs, of breeds so diverse, have their days simultaneously. For another thing, severe literature hasn't learned the trick of bestowing cheap distinction on its votaries. Finally, literature is, by its inherent limitations excluded from the select company of things which may be made to supply the dressy with the occasion for dressing. The circumstance of music having charms to soothe the savage breast counts for less than some imagine. Savage breasts are not common. We have our narrow chests and our snowy bosoms but the savage breast is a negligible quantity in any discussion of the status of the arts.

A writer in a specimen "popular" United States magazine has made the surprising discovery that Charles Dickens took Lord Strathcona as an original for one of the Cheeryble Brothers, in Nicholas Nickleby. This is truly a wonderful discovery, inasmuch as Donald A. Smith was an obscure Hudson's Bay Company clerk when Dickens portrayed his characters. Furthermore, the Cheeryble Brothers were taken from English characters. But it all goes to show how fearfully and wonderfully made are the magazines upon which Canadians have been mainly nurtured for so long.—Brockville Times.

Wages in Great Britain average much higher than on the Continent, and in France and Germany wages are higher than in Italy, Spain or Austria. The district court at Carlsbad, Austria, recently fixed the daily wages of laborers of both sexes for the years 1907, 1908 and 1909, as follows: Males, foremen, 60 cents per day, others, 40 cents, and apprentices and boys, 20 cents. Females, women, 28 cents, and juveniles, 18 cents. Servants of the state, 48 cents, except servants of the post and telegraph, who receive 44 cents.

The British Columbia Sunset of Vancouver expresses the opinion that the two best men in sight for the leadership of the Conservative party in the Dominion are Hon. F. W. G. Haultain of Saskatchewan and Hon. Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia.



Miss May Sutton

This picture is from the latest photograph of this phenomenal young Californian tennis player. Miss Sutton will participate in the tournament for the Canadian and International Championships at Niagara-on-the-Lake, which commences Aug. 28. Great interest is being taken in this her first appearance on Canadian courts. Details of the tournament will be found in this issue on the page devoted to sporting comment.

Ellen Terry's Recollections of Gladstone, Disraeli and Others.

MISS ELLEN TERRY, in M.A.P., tells the story of her first marriage to Mr. G. F. Watts, the famous painter. She says: I was not quite sixteen years old, too young to be married even in those days, when everyone married early. But I was delighted, and my parents were delighted, although the disparity of age between my husband and me was very great. It all seems now like a dream, not a clear dream, but a fitful one which in the morning one tries in vain to tell. And even if I could tell it, I would not. I was happy, because my face was the type which the great artist who married me loved to paint. I remember sitting to him in armor—he was painting his Sir Galahad—for hours and hours, and never realizing that it was heavy until I fell forward fainting!

Little Holland House, where Mr. Watts lived with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Prinsep, seemed to me a paradise where only beautiful things were allowed to come. All the women were graceful, and all the men were gifted. There was Gladstone and Disraeli. There was Browning. At Freshwater, where I went soon after my marriage, I first met Tennyson.

As I write down these great names I feel almost guilty of an imposture! Such names are bound to raise high anticipations, and my recollections of the men to whom some of the names belong are so very humble!

I sat, shrinking and timid, in a corner—the girl-wife of a famous painter. I was, if I was anything at all, more of a curiosity, a side-show, than hostess to these distinguished visitors; for, after all, the house belonged more to Mr. Prinsep than to Mr. Watts. Mr. Gladstone seemed to me like a suppressed volcano. His face was pale—calm, but the calm was the calm of the grey crust of Etna. To look into the piercing dark eyes was like having a glimpse into the red-hot crater beneath. Years later, when I met him again at the Lyceum, and became better acquainted with him, this impression of a volcano at rest again struck me.

Of Disraeli I carried away even a scantier impression. I remember that he wore a blue tie, a brighter blue tie than most men would dare to wear, and his straggling curls shook as he walked. He looked the great Jew before everything. But "there is the noble Jew," as George Meredith writes somewhere, "as well as the bestial Gentile." When I first saw Henry Irving dressed as Shylock my thoughts flew back to the garden party at Little Holland House, and Disraeli. I know I must have admired him greatly, for the only other time I ever saw him he was walking in Piccadilly, and I crossed the road, just to get a good look at him. I even went the length of bumping into him on purpose. He took off his hat, muttered, "I beg your pardon," and passed on, not recognizing me, of course; but I had had my look into his eyes. They were very quiet eyes, and didn't open wide. I love Disraeli's novels—like his tie, brighter in color than anyone else's.

Tennyson was more to me than a magic-lantern shape flitting across the blank of my young experience never to return. The first time I saw him he was sitting at the table in his library, and Mrs. Tennyson, her very slender hands hidden by thick gloves, was standing on a step-ladder handing him down some heavy books. She was very frail and looked like a faint tea rose. After that one time I only remember her lying on a sofa.

In the evening I went walking with Tennyson over the fields, and he would point out to me the differences in the flight of different birds, and tell me to watch their solid phalanxes turning against the sunset—the compact wedge suddenly narrowing sharply into a thin line. He taught me to recognize the barks of trees and to call wild flowers by their names. He picked me the first bit of pimpernel I ever noticed. Always I was quite at ease with him. He was so wonderfully simple.

At the time of my first marriage, when I met these great men, I had never had the advantage—I assume that it is an advantage!—of a single day's schooling in a real school. What I have learned outside my own profession I have learned from my environment. Perhaps it is this which makes me think environment more valuable than a set education and a stronger agent in forming character even than heredity. Perhaps I should have written the externals of character, for primal, inner feelings are, I suppose, always inherited.

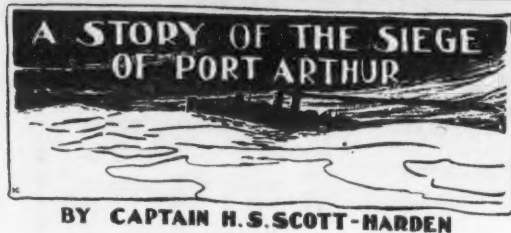
Royalty and the Simple Life

From The Argonaut.

EVERY now and then our industrious newspaper scribes raise a little of the curtain on the private lives of European royalty and allow themselves some exclamations of surprise at finding how simple it all is. Royalty is popularly supposed to live in a perfect carnival of luxury, and to spend its time in devising new ways and means for the spectacular spending of money. Of course, nothing is further from the truth. There is a lot of human nature even about royalty, and it is pretty commonly true that we do not very much want what we have, and that we yearn only after what we cannot get. Most of the pleasures in life come from the pursuit of something, and not from its capture. The fun is over when the fox is caught, and when we glance into the real privacy of the millionaire we are likely to find him eating steak and onions and apple pie like the rest of us, and looking with a measureless disdain upon the dainties that we had thought most surely would be his exclusive diet.

The latest story of the simple life concerns Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. She is very wealthy, but she has small inclination for the things that wealth can buy. Indeed, she would willingly give the whole of her fortune, and her crown as well, for the luxury of motherhood, which can not be bought from nature by either money or rank. The queen rises early and takes a first breakfast at about 7 o'clock. At 9 o'clock she conducts prayers for the household and then attends to her correspondence. Then she is ready for a walk or a drive before luncheon, which is served at about noon. The afternoon is devoted to audiences. Statesmen and ministers attend at the palace and make their reports, and this is no perfunctory duty, for the young queen wants to know the why and wherefore of everything. Dinner is at 7 o'clock, and it is just such a meal as one can buy at a middle-class restaurant. Then the evening is passed quietly with books or music, and bedtime comes at 10.30.

Queens are not always happy. Perhaps it might be said that they are never happy. Queen Wilhelmina would be an ideal mother, and in addition to her natural craving for a child, she is haunted by the fear that Germany will make some claim of succession to the Dutch throne. She has told her ministers that she fears no child will ever come, and has urged them to make provision in good time, but she is still young and the people are hopeful, so that nothing has yet been done.



BY CAPTAIN H.S. SCOTT-HARDEN

ON November 15, 1904, I was sitting in my hotel at Chefoo, on the north China coast. With me were representatives of the leading English newspapers, as well as a couple of American journalists. It was a period of inaction for the war scribes, for no news had been received from Port Arthur for ten days. It was known in the Japanese Consulate that the Russians were gradually losing ground, and it was murmured amongst the Chinese that the fortress might fall at any minute. I walked along the shore to the Russian Consul's house, and he assured me that General Stoessel would hold out for another three or four months. That was about 4 p.m. on the 15th November. The next day it became much colder. The inhabitants wore their thick padded coats, and the signs of the approach of winter were evident everywhere. But no news came from Port Arthur. We little thought that Admiral Viren, who was in command of the fleet, was at that moment preparing to send out a message to the world, and that in a few hours the curtain would be raised and the complete story of the siege would be given to the press; that the genius of Konrachenko, whose efforts, energy and perseverance, in spite of the greatest difficulties, had prevented the fall of the fortress, and that General Stoessel, who in the eyes of the world was the greatest hero of modern times, was an incapable leader and a fraud.

There was one man at that time in Port Arthur, one Eugene Nojin, editor of The Novai Krai, who was planning to escape from Stoessel, and from death.

"The Rastoropy leaves to-night with despatches. If you wish to go in her, you can. You take your life in your hands, but it is better to do that than fall into Stoessel's. Until she starts you must hide on board the ship; I will protect you," said Admiral Viren to Mr. Nojin.

Less than an hour later, when Nojin was locked in a cabin, a lieutenant appeared, bearing a letter, an order from General Stoessel for the arrest of Eugene Nojin, and that every ship in the harbor was to be searched.

"You don't search my ship, or any in the fleet," thundered Admiral Viren.

"But this is General Stoessel's order."

"I don't care whose order it is. You leave my ship at once," and the note of a whistle brought up the guard. The lieutenant understood and left. Eugene Nojin was not to be found.

It was a cold, blustery night at Chefoo as we sat around the fire sipping mulled port and talking of war and peace, of times together in South Africa and of London, which brings all men and thoughts to the same spot—and listening to the street music from the bow window of a club. And the snow began to beat against the long French window which looked out on the sandy beach of Chefoo, sixty miles due south of Port Arthur. Around us the waters were lapping against the rocks, and the entrance to the harbor was obscured by the flakes of snow.

"I believe something will happen to-night," I said to the correspondent of the Daily Mail.

"What do you mean?" replied Mr. Brindle.

"Mean! Why if ever the Russian fleet had a chance to get out of Port Arthur, they have to-night," I said.

And so we talked on, almost to midnight. At that very moment the torpedo boat destroyer, Rastoropy, was making her way past the far-famed Tiger's Tail.

There were no cheers from her sister ships who lay with their searchlights flashing across the water, but there was soft music—giving the torpedo boat destroyer a benediction. Into the valley of death she tore, without light from above or below. For the night was as black as ink. In the distance were the enemy, waiting—a chain of steel, ever on the alert.

Something must have warned the Japanese that night; perhaps it was the storm, but their flashlights revealed every speck upon the path of brilliance. Right into the cordon of steel the Russian messengers went, dodging one, then another; sinking down, then rising on the top of a huge wave. Across the sixty miles Eugene Nojin lay curled up in the corner of the ship's cabin, shivering with cold and fright.

"Shall we ever make the harbor?" he said.

"We are nearly at it now," answered Captain Plenn. "We are nearly safe—only another forty minutes."

And the dawn was just breaking as the entrance to Chefoo came in view. The little boat with her tiny mast and four funnels, weather-beaten and washed by the waves, had run the blockade—she was safe.

"One Russian ship makes harbor," excitedly shouted my Chinese servant. It was 6 a.m. I jumped up from my bed to find, sure enough, the torpedo boat destroyer, flying the St. Andrew's cross, rolling in the heavy sea. She lay close to the United States ship, New Orleans, whose crew cheered her as she came to her anchorage in the inner harbor. It was a plucky exploit indeed, worthy of a seaman's cheer.

Mr. Brindle and I went down the beach, hired a row-boat—a sampau—and we were the first to board her, and learn from Captain Plenn the account of the recent fighting. A story that is history now, but then almost incredible. That night, as the world knows, when the despatches had been landed, and the crew safely housed in the Russian Consulate, the lights of four Japanese destroyers appeared at the entrance to the harbor, waiting for their prey, and a little later, when everyone expected the Rastoropy would be turned over to the Chinese, there was a terrific explosion and she sank in the midst of merchantmen flying the Union Jack, the Yellow Dragon and the Rising Sun. Her gallant captain had blown her up rather than suffer "internment" in a neutral port or risk falling into the hands of the enemy.

That night, when it was dark, I went out and looked at the wreck. £60,000 for six bags of despatches, and the risk of thirty lives. Just above the water were the tops of the funnels, the mast and an upturned boat, and the gun, and as the waves rose and fell over the ship, the sidelights and torpedoes appeared. With great difficulty I secured the starboard lamp, and she stands in the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto, to-day, showing the green light that must so often have gleamed amongst the ill-fated Russian fleet in the harbor of the strongest fortress in the world.

Two nights later I was introduced to Eugene Nojin, and I sat for hours listening to the story of the siege, of the corruption and the drunkenness in the town, and the real defenders of Russia's Far Eastern citadel who were then unknown to the outside world. Eugene Nojin accom-

panied me to Shanghai and Hong Kong, and we intended to proceed to Australia together, but when I was at Canton for the day Eugene Nojin disappeared, and I have not been able to trace him since. He is supposed to have been lured on board some ship and taken to Vladivostock. He has never given to the world an account of the siege. But his story about Stoessel was true, although it was hard to believe at the time—six weeks before Port Arthur fell. Perhaps he has fallen into the hands of his enemies, or maybe he helped to condemn the man who surrendered Port Arthur to General Nogi, after Kondrachevko's death.

Toronto, Aug., '07.

The Cult of Kings.

THE rumor that has come to the effect that the Czar has become a convert to Christian Science, and that he has accorded his spiritual allegiance to Mrs. Eddy, is hardly credible, yet it is certain that, under the influence of recent events, he is again showing a strong tendency to mysticism, says P.T.O. Since the notorious "Doctor" Philippe, of Lyons, exercised his powerful sway over this weak-minded monarch some years ago, there has been a succession of spiritualists or "magicians" at the Imperial court, each of whom has succeeded in making a good thing out of it, from a financial point of view, for a brief period. One of the last of these charlatans to find favor at the Russian capital rejoiced in the euphonious name of Morgenstern, and everybody of importance had their horoscope cast by him. He foretold that the Grand Duke Boris would become Czar, a prophecy for which Boris did not thank him, as nobody envies Nicholas II his position.

Whatever may be the position in regard to the Czar, it cannot be denied that sovereigns of the Old World, endowed by tradition and their environment, are more prone to extremes in matters relating to conscience and to faith than ordinary, everyday citizens. Some fifteen years ago King Oscar of Sweden startled the world by proclaiming his belief in the Darwinian theory of evolution, and expressed himself as content to accept the doctrine that our ancestors were monkeys. Some years later King Oscar blossomed forth as a full-fledged adherent to the doctrines of which the late Madame Blavatsky was one of the most celebrated exponents. Among the psychic powers ascribed to the followers of this cult is the ability to project one's astral body through space, regardless of distance, in such a manner as to be in two places at one and the same time. This must have been particularly convenient to King Oscar, whose sceptre at that time ruled both Sweden and Norway, for it would have enabled him when in person at Stockholm to project his astral body to Christiania, and thus preside over the meetings of both the Swedish and Norwegian Cabinets, held in the two cities on the same day and at the same hour, without any trouble.

It will be remembered that the great Napoleon at one time contemplated becoming Mohammedan, and there is a good deal of evidence in support of the story that he actually became a convert to Islam at Cairo in the early days following his victories in Egypt, and when he was still imbued with the idea of creating a vast Oriental empire for himself, in which Turkey, India, and Arabia were to be comprised. Napoleon III, though cynical in so many things, was for years a firm believer in spiritualism.

At one time there was a disposition in certain circles at Berlin to develop enthusiasm in behalf of the Christian Science cult, and it was even asserted that members of some of the reigning houses were inclined to lend a willing ear to the teachings of Mrs. Eddy. But Emperor William quickly put a damper upon the movement, intimating that those who became identified therewith would incur not merely his ridicule but his grave displeasure. A deeply religious man, he regards the tenets of Christian Science as something akin to blasphemy; indeed, his unconcealed efforts to secure Divine guidance in his duties as ruler have led to his being sometimes described as imbued with mystic leanings in matters of faith.

Certain British journals are solemnly warning their readers of the Cobalt "wildcat" proposition. Investors must be thoroughly sick of hearing of the Cobalt fakir, says the Monetary Times. If Cobalt from the first had been considered a mining district and nothing more, all would have been well. Certain interested people gave it a moral halo, with the result that people who knew not the difference between a stock certificate and an income tax account plunged wildly into the net of the first enterprising gentleman with unlimited cheek and an encyclopaedic vocabulary. Investors have been told to discriminate when dealing with Cobalt. They ought to know that. The impudent will always prosper on the shelds of the ignorant. When Barnum was about to turn away thousands from his show one day he quickly fixed up a side show and admitted the overflow at the usual price. "This way to the lioness" was the first sign, "this way to the tigress" was the second, "this way to the egress" was the third. When people found themselves in the street they were surprised. Cobalt investors should keep clear of the side booth.

The Japanese Government is so thorough in all that it does, that not one of the 800,000 soldiers who served in Manchuria has been allowed to return home without being carefully disinfected, says an English writer. Every man had to strip and place his uniform and personal effects in a specially constructed bag. Then he had to plunge into a bath, the water of which was at a temperature of over 120 degrees, and was calculated to kill any microbe lurking in his skin. Meanwhile his clothes were being disinfected by steam, and his weapons by formal. Even the paper money used during the war was not allowed to pass, but every soldier was given the amount he had on him in notes which had never been to Manchuria. The work went on day and night, and each man took an hour and a quarter before he was pronounced fit to go home. Thanks to these precautions, not one of the fevers and diseases which might have been brought back from the seat of war has made its appearance in Japan. It is a lesson in efficiency which European authorities should not be too proud to lay to heart.

Where are the largest orchards in the world? The general impression is, no doubt, that they are to be found somewhere on the American continent. But according to a fruit-trade paper, which ought to know, they are at Werder near Berlin, says The Westminster Gazette. They extend, without a break, for between twelve and thirteen thousand acres. By canal and river alone the Fruit Growers' Company sends away 48,000,000 lbs. of apples and pears in a year. From Werder railway stations an additional 12,000,000 lbs. of fruit go forth to the world. Then there is jam-making, for which a thousand tons of sugar is used in a twelvemonth.

Stories About Well Known Writers

From The Saturday Evening Post.

BEING a humorist, Charles Battell Loomis is a sad-faced man. This is probably due to the fact that all humorists, as one of them once expressed it, "take their work very seriously."

Loomis lives in a town called Hackensack, which is located in New Jersey, about fifteen miles from New York City. Before Loomis went there to live, it owed its fame to a poem about which hangs a curious tale.

One day Wallace Irwin, in search of a subject for one of his numerous daily poems, hit upon the name of Hackensack. It pleased him and, besides, it lent itself to rhythmic exploitation. So he wrote a touching string of verses about a sailor who hailed from Hackensack, where he wooed a beautiful maid. Then he went to sea. On his return he found that the maid had wed another. The sailor sought consolation by embracing the town pump and hurling curses at the town.

Several years later, Irwin was invited to dine at "Hackensack." At first he thought it was a joke, but when he got to the place he discovered that it was very much of an actuality. He did penance by reading the poem aloud at dinner.

Loomis is now one of the shining lights of Hackensack, his only resident literary rivals being Joseph Lincoln and Sewell Ford. Few humorists have served a more variegated apprenticeship before being "called" to the chosen profession of sorrow-chaser. He was in succession grocery clerk, mining agent and chicken peddler. He took to chicken peddling soon after he began to write, because the joke-market then was not so old or so good as now. One day, not long ago, he met one of his old chicken customers.

"You're making a living writing jokes?"

"Yes," replied Loomis meekly.

"Guess you'll soon be writing a book?" continued the man.

"Yes," answered the humorist, "I've written eight."

Some funny things happened during that famous double-jointed lecture tour of Loomis and Jerome K. Jerome. Some one asked at the start why Loomis happened to be a co-star, and he was told that the management feared that Jerome's voice would not hold out.

"Voice, nothing," replied the man. "They want Loomis to explain the British jokes."

At Little Rock, Arkansas, the humorists were to have been introduced by an eminent legal light of the community. He showed up and expended all his oratorical ammunition on Jerome, utterly ignoring Loomis, who sat solemnly by. When he had concluded Loomis, somewhat crestfallen, walked over to Jerome in full view of the audience and said:

"Glad to have met you. Hope to see you again." Then he retired to the wings and began to kick himself.

But Jerome very gracefully remedied the omission and himself introduced his American colleague.

When the "Seeing New York" rubber-neck wagons pass the corner of Fifth avenue and Ninth street in New York, the gentlemanly lecturer points to the yard of an old red brick house on the corner and megaphones: "On the left is the home of Mark Twain, and in the yard you see his famous copyrighted white suit on the line."

But Mark Twain has come to a new distinction far more permanent than the white suit. He is undergoing the same experience as his famous tea-drinking forerunner, Doctor Samuel Johnson. In other words, he is being "Boswellized," with twentieth century trimmings, including a phonograph. The Boswell is Albert Bigelow Paine, who has been installed under the great man's roof for some time and whose job it is to catch every stray word of wit or wisdom that the veteran humorist utters. Paine has an easier time than the original Boswell for Mark Twain is amiable and kindly. He also provides his Boswell with cigars. Rarely has a "Life" been so intimately or personally conducted. With this biography now in preparation, and the "Autobiography," posterity will not be lacking in details about the author of "Tom Sawyer."

Mark Twain, it may be remarked in passing, has written so many inscriptions in books, that, if paid for at his usual space rates, the reward would endow half a dozen hospitals. The other day he wrote the following sentence in a book for a young friend: "I'd rather be a young June bug than an old bird of Paradise."

The greatest literary mystery in captivity is O. Henry. Although he has become recognized as a sort of unofficial



One of the Fine Pictures for the Exhibition

A reproduction of the painting, "The Cloister or the World," by Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., one of the most beautiful of the fine collection of pictures by noted artists, which will grace the Arts Building at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

historian in fiction of the people of Greater New York, little is known about him, and he steadily remains off the literary band-wagon. The editors who buy his stories seldom see him, while his publishers have almost to get a search-warrant whenever they want to talk business with him.

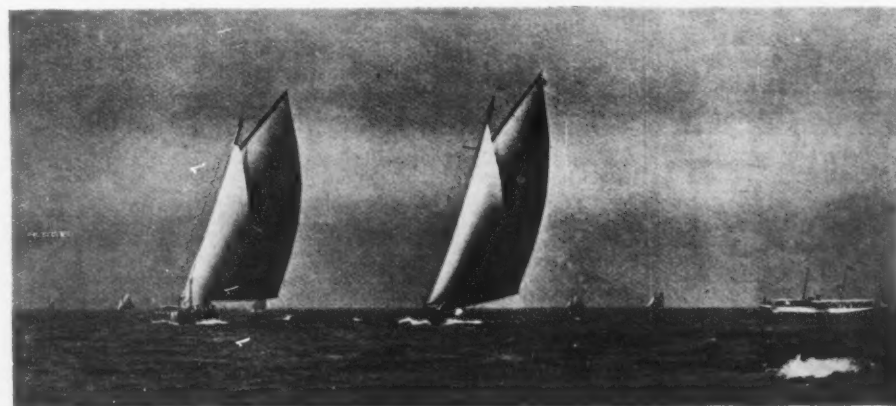
For a long time he lived in a room in Irving place. Lately he has become more pretentious and has taken up his abode in a hotel. But his habits of exclusion are the same. He has no organization in his work, and he waits until late at night to do it. Then he turns out his "copy" at the last minute. He once entered into an agreement to furnish a New York newspaper with a story every week. It was due on Wednesday night. It never appeared until late on Friday and only after a dozen telegrams and messengers had been sent after him. When the year ended the Sunday editor had heart disease from worry over Henry's "copy."

Henry's ways are picturesque. He is the Haroun al Raschid of present-day New York, for, like that ancient caliph, he prowls around the streets at night, looking for adventure and incident. He knows the darkest by-streets and the most unfrequented quarters where life teems and the light of day seldom, if ever, enters. He sits for hours in the parks and watches the people as they pass.

Henry was born in North Carolina, but when a young man he moved to New Orleans, where he became a newspaper reporter. When he wrote his first story, he did not want to submit it over his real name, which is Sidney Porter. So he cast about for a pen name. He had the same aversion to hard work then that he has now, so he took one that was easy to write. That provided the Henry part. He wanted a handle to it, so he selected a letter that was also very easy to create. This was O.

It is interesting to see what some men did before they became successful authors. Here are some samples: James Lane Allen was a school-teacher; Anthony Hope was a lawyer; Joseph Conrad was a sailor; F. Hopkinson Smith was artist and engineer; John Uri Lloyd was and is a chemist; Thomas Dixon was a preacher; Stephen Phillips was an actor; Frank H. Spearman was a railroad clerk; Cy Warman was an engineer; Egerton Castle was a fencing master; John Fox was a "boom" town promoter; Jack London was a tramp; Winston Churchill was a midshipman; Charles Major was a lawyer; Edwin Markham was a school teacher; Rudyard Kipling and many others were newspaper reporters.

Prince Loewenstien-Wertheim, the foremost and wealthiest Catholic nobleman of the German empire, at the advanced age of 78 years, has just entered the Dominican order at Benlo, Holland, as a novice.



Seneca and Adie at the start in the second race—the American yacht on the left.



Skipper Hagan on Seneca



The Judges (from the left): Mr. Cromwell, N.Y.C.; Mr. Van Voorhis, R.Y.C.; Mr. Ambrose, R.Y.C.

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Catching the Train to Town.

HARLOWE had gone up into the country to spend Saturday and Sunday with his wife and children. They were staying at a pleasant place nearly four miles from the railway station, and it was necessary for him to employ a liveryman to take him down on Monday morning to catch the train at Merrivale. He was assured that he could make connections without any difficulty if he started at 7.30, as the train was not due to leave Merrivale until 8.20. Having an important business engagement in the city, however, and in order that there might be no risk, he was ready to start an hour before train time.

The liveryman had conveyed him less than half a mile when something about the harness got out of order, and fifteen minutes had elapsed before they were ready to start on again. They made fairly good progress for about a mile and then a bolt gave way, making another delay necessary. The driver had to go to a farmhouse to borrow a monkey-wrench and other things, and Edward Harlowe had begun to be nervous before the journey was resumed. If he had not been burdened with a heavy traveling bag he wouldn't have cared. He could have walked.

"Does this train ever happen to be late?" he asked when they broke down again, a mile and a quarter from the station.

"Oh, yes," he was assured, "it's nearly always five or ten minutes late on Monday mornings. Don't worry. We'll catch it all right. Got lots of time."

But the driver's confidence was not catching, and at 8 o'clock Harlowe had almost decided to walk, leaving his bag to be sent after him by express. Still, he waited when the liveryman assured him that they would be able to go ahead in five minutes after 8, only to have another mishap when the horse picked up a stone while fording a little stream. It took the driver several minutes to get the stone loose, and Harlowe was by that time no longer a patient man. He made disagreeable remarks about his luck and gave a long list of things which he hoped would happen to him if he ever placed confidence in a liveryman again. If he missed his engagement in the city it would cost him dearly, and besides, it would be necessary for him to wait at an out-of-the-door station for several hours.

"Confound your old horse," he complained, "can't you make him go faster?"

"He's doin' the best he can. Mebby the train'll be late."

"Don't you believe it. If this train were late every other day in the year it would be on time this morning. Jerusalem! Why don't you people out here do a little road-making? This is the worst old cowpath I ever saw!"

Then he looked at his watch. It was 8.12, and they had nearly half a mile to go.

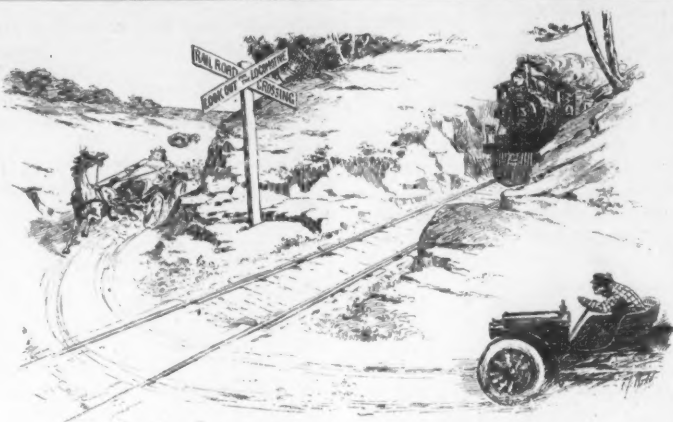
The horse might have been able to travel half a mile in four or five minutes if the road had been good; but the ruts and stones and mud holes impeded progress. At 8.18 they were a quarter of a mile from the Merrivale station. Harlowe gave up hope. He knew they could not get there in two minutes. Still he implored the driver to hurry, and he ground his teeth to keep from saying the things that were on his mind. He half stood up in the buggy and had his bag by the handle, ready to jump the moment they got within jumping distance. There was, however, no sound of an approaching train, and at last he began to hope luck might for once turn in his favor. On two wheels they rounded a corner where the road was hard and smooth, and the station sprawled a short distance ahead of them. The poor old livery horse broke into a run when Harlowe, in spite of the driver's protests, took the whip from the socket and swished it above the back of the speeding steed.

"Go on! Go on!" he kept urging: "we may catch it yet."

There was a curve just beyond the station, so that the approaching train could not be seen until a few seconds before its arrival. The clatter of the horse's hoofs on the hard road and the whir of the buggy wheels made it impossible for anything else save a steam whistle to be heard, and as neither Harlowe nor the driver had been started by a toot the race was continued. Two hundred yards from the station Harlowe yelled:

"There she comes!"

But it was a false alarm. The train was not in sight even when the neaving horse was stopped at the platform. Harlowe jumped before the buggy wheels had ceased to turn, and fearing that his watch might have been slow he rushed to the ticket win-



"When shall we three meet again?"—Life.

dow. The clock inside indicated 8.24.

"How about the 8.20 train?" he demanded.

"Fifteen minutes late," replied the agent.

A look of supreme disgust settled upon Edward Harlowe's countenance. "Well," he said with withering scorn, "this is a d— of a way to run a railroad!"

—S. E. Kiser in Exchange.

Under Voices.

Behold the rose—the peerless one, Sits laughing in the June day sun!

Her kisses wide around she throws; So sweet and gracious her estate; All hearts on her with worship wait But hark! A murmur upward grows;

It takes the wave of summer air, It gathers increase everywhere.

And to the dim horizon flows; "We grass—we wild flowers of the plain,

We lowly are, that thou mayst reign We are—that thou mayst be The Rose!"

Now, while this legionary sound The leafy commonwealth flowed round

An Under Voice, in kindred tone, Was borne from out Life's garden close,

From hearts unnumbered it arose;

From spirit unto spirit blown, Softly imperious it came,

Seeking the Great in deed and fame; "We win no trophies, mount no throne;

But foil your gifts, your valor bright We are the Dark; ye are the Light— We are—that ye may shine alone!"

Craftsmen of Song—who'er thou art The Under Voice beats on thy heart.

Crying: "No truth that thou mayst bring

Divinely to our waiting ears, (Whether it be full joy or tears)

To us can come an alien thing By our humanity impelled

Thy thought to utterance is swelled. As draws the river from its spring;

We, though an unregarded throng, Are still thy fostering source of song—

And we are mute that thou mayst sing!"

—Edith M. Thomas.

Recently a little girl applied for a registration blank in a New York school. The teacher wrote down her name, her address, her age, but at "father's occupation" the child balked and hung her head. The teacher had visions of a parental burglar, and reasoned gently: "Tell me what it is, my dear, and I will see whether we shall put it down or not." No'm, I won't tell," the girl insisted. "Just tell me," said the teacher again, "and I won't speak of it to any one else."

The little girl hesitated and twisted her hands. "He's a worm eater!" she finally burst out. "A worm eater!" cried the horrified teacher. "Yes'm. He's a worm eater in an antique." And it afterward developed that her father was daily engaged in boring imitation worm holes in bogus antique furniture, so that the dealers can say, "Look at the worm holes if you think this isn't genuinely old.—Argonaut.

THE LATEST NEW YORK DRINK.

A well-known club man brings back the following recipe from the Waldorf Astoria, New York: Cut very thin slices of lemon peel, being careful not to go deeper than the yellow, place them in the bottom of tumbler, slightly bruise with muddler or spoon, put in broken ice, Scotch, gin or rye, to taste, and fill up with radnor water. The combination of any of the above with radnor water makes a deliciously refreshing drink.

Redd—Out in my car with a party yesterday.

Greene—Yes.

Redd—Came to a wide, deep stream which we could not ford.

Greene—No bridge you could run the machine over?

Redd—No.

Greene—What in the world did you do?

Redd—Just sat there and thought it over.—Yonkers Statesman.

Unappreciative.

FROM the heart of the noble ward in a great city some good, some kind folks had culled out a squad of children of the street and taken them out to the country to revel in nature.

They arrived at the old farm house after dark, and were too tired to notice much; but a full realization of their good fortune came to them with dewy morn.

The great farm house was like a big drum, silent unless you touched it. The gamins woke to hear a door slam in the awful stillness. Then feet scuffled and tramped down corridors and stairs, and a hoarse, raucous voice hollered from the depths—de profundis—"Hey there! Five o'clock!"

Outside they heard noises they never had heard before. The hoarse, impatient lowing of a cow that had been parted from her calf the night previous, and the peevish, hungry howling of the aforesaid calf. It might have been a lion and her cubs for all they knew. Then a couple of pigs broke into the game. They had been found in the orchard, which they had surreptitiously entered during the night, and they hadn't known enough to slip out before daylight; so the wrathful farmer sicked the dog on them, and they yelled murder in three languages under the kids' window.

Then the rooster butted in. A trap set to catch a weasel caught him by his hind leg, and he made the early morning hideous. The pet lamb, which might have been a child under a trolley for all they knew, bleated and pleaded for his breakfast.

"Say, Cully," remarked the Tough Kid to his mate on the back stoop after breakfast, "this is fierce!"

They looked up the silent skyline stretching like a yellow ribbon through the dull green fields like a gold stripe down the seam of a dragoon's pants. Then they looked down the erratic concession, which, following the line of least resistance, dodged stumps, muck holes, rocks, etc. And Cully said to the Tough Kid:

"It's surely sumpin' fierce!"

The hired man and the children of the house came and regarded them as if each of them had seven heads; and Cully wanted to know what they was lookin' at.

Oh, how they missed the wild, noisy, pestilent and narrow streets of the big city!—the hum, the rush and the roar. The changeful things, the shouts, cries, the laughter and the curses! Never a patrol wagon came up that skyline; never an ambulance on the dead run. There wasn't a saloon within twenty miles, and the nearest fire hall was one block from that saloon.

"How long are we in fur?" queried Cully.

"Fur ten days widout the option uv a fine," replied the Tough Kid.

"Oh, I kin stan' on me head that long," said Cully, bravely. "Got any dope?"

"Y'betche. Let's go out and smoke up in the hay."

But what are those kinds going to do when they run out of cigars?—The Khan in the Toronto Star.

To-morrow's Chance.

To-morrow's promises are fair, To-morrow's voice is sweet to hear To-morrow, somehow and somewhere. The chance you hope for may appear;

To-morrow calls you on the way With pleasing promises and clear As this day called you yesterday.

To-morrow is a cunning thief That filches precious time from you, While promising a sweet relief From all the trying tasks you do; The chance to-morrow may display You cannot gladly hurry to Without the loss of dear to-day.

—S. E. Kiser.

Sir Frederick Treves says: "Don't waver. You hold your future in your own hands." Tut! If that were so Mr. Coatsworth would be mayor forever.—Toronto News.

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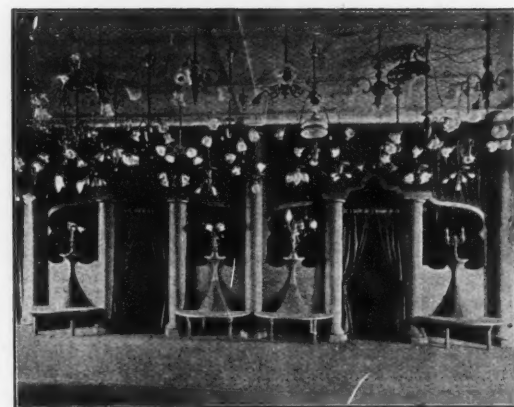


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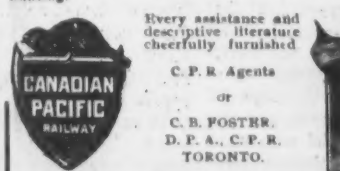
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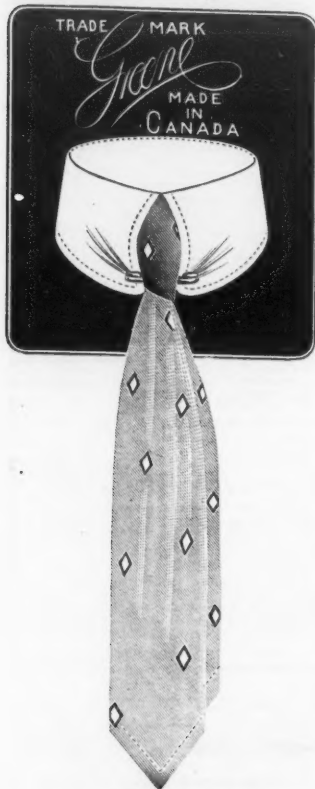


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Lady Gay's Column

It is difficult to believe in mid-summer and 90 in the shade, away up north in Catalina Harbor, where one sleeps under half a dozen blankets, and smuggles a chamo's jacket under one's coat, in the determination not to achieve the stupidity of a relapse into illness. For, says the doctor, "An illness is a misfortune, but a relapse is a stupidity."

Catalina Harbor is a place of many attractions, far up on the east coast of Newfoundland, to be reached by a golden progress, over a radiant summer sea, with incidental ravishing views and distractingly picturesque and pretty settlements; menacing rocks frowning over unconcerned small fishing stations; "bankers" rocking at anchor in tidy little bays; clefts in the land like gashes from some Titan's broadsword; huddles of giant rocky islands, as if the said Titan had been playing with building blocks and in a fit of impatience chucked a handful of them into the ocean; clumsy rough boats and silent grave men; gallant smacks with brown sails, fitting by before a steady breeze, or tied up at the weather-beaten docks, with their wings lying close about the masts like a badly folded umbrella. And after the golden progress, a royal sunset, such as only the northland can show; slate-gray banks of cloud with rose-red borders, turning to very rivers of blood before your eyes; great brilliant stars hanging low in the clear night; and above and about all, the sweet, fresh, life-giving sea air, blowing down from the Arctic.

It was only yesterday all these good things were given, and those hours seem to-day to have been years, shutting us away from the inland tortures of heat and dust and noise and strain of endless effort, lifting us into rare air and golden sunlight and brilliant pageant of sky and shore and sea. In the beginning of that glorious day someone said: "First glimpse of the sun for twenty days." While one tarried out of doors, shivering, but loath to shut away the evening marvel of starlit splendor, someone said: "First stars we've seen in twenty nights." And one melted with gratitude to Nature, for her opportune change of front and temper!

At Catalina Harbor a certain girl is doing her best to unfit me for further usefulness by unlimited indulgences. If you had to describe the very last sort of girl you would expect to find in such a far away outport, you would probably give a notion of my girl in Catalina. She would look at home taking tea on the yacht club balcony, or shopping in Broadway, or dawdling over fancy work in some scented boudoir, but here she is simply a tremendous absurdity. Some day, perhaps, you will see her, if I can entice her westward, but just now she is over busy, over burdened with household cares, and dozens of other cares of Catalina Harbor. And when I leave her here, it will be only because I must. She has promised to show me beautiful and wonderful things and interesting folk of all sorts, and perhaps, if I don't get frost-bite, and the mosquitoes don't eat me alive, I may tell you about them later on.

A wedding party of colored folk were at the station as the train pulled in, down in the Maritime Provinces, one day recently. They gave the bride and groom a joyous send-off, and for lack of the conventional and significant rice to throw after them, they were showering them with oats as the train departed. Does it strike you as a funny episode? Oats stick worse than confetti, and the hair of the happy pair was full of the grains!

Now that story writers are delving into the remote places of the earth for characters and local coloring, allow me to present to them the quaint places of Cape Breton as likely stamping grounds. Have you met the men of Judique—those fine figures and handy fighters, one of whom will leap into the middle of a room cleared for a dance, shouting: "A Judique on the floor! Who'll put him off?" Of course others than Judique men promptly accept the challenge, upon which the ruction begins. The man-moth men of Judique have the honor of that small settlement in their keeping, and never lose a chance to show prowess in its defence.

Then there are the men of Gabarus, near to Judique, whom the reckless and unwary sometimes dub Gabaroosters. Bloodshed follows this epithet, as the harvest follows the sow-

ing, when the man of Gabarus takes sweet vengeance on his ill-advised nickname. Very effervescent spirits sometimes emit a shrill crow as a man from Gabarus passes by. Better for the crower had he overslept himself that morning, for the hielan' man's ears are cocked for trouble, and scarcely has the unwise shrill clarion cleft the air than the Gabarooster is after the featherless cock-a-doodler with murder in his eye. "Something to crow for" he gives in good measure, and the neighbors who keep cocks are in terror of their necks should chanticleer give tongue while the irate Gabarooster is within hearing. In fact it is a tradition that no rooster, even of the most bantam breed, ever does crow while a man of Gabarus is in his vicinity.

I found the other day a school girl chum of mine, who has lived for twenty years in Cape Breton, and I listened to her tales of fun, of pathos, sometimes of tragedy, all personal experiences simply clamoring to be told, for the edification and entertainment of the blasé story reader who demands "some new thing."

"Me name," quoth the wild-haired slavey of the outport boarding house, "is Genevieve, but them calls me Mary Ellen for short. Iss sir, I'd like fine to get in Toronto, when I gets me growth, an' me full strength, for I works hard enough here, God knows, at fifty cents a week. Would you be coming after I in about two year? Iss sir, I'd come alone, sure, narry body would pick up I!"

And Genevieve, wild-haired, ragged, with her little nose quite black with coal dust, and her skinny fingers raking out the ashes from the grate, knelt before me, perfectly serious in her consideration of emigration in two years' time. Beside working like a wee nailer twelve or fourteen hours a day, she recited and sang for the stormstayed boarders one evening. She also came tearing down to the station to see me off, and nearly had a fit when I gave her a quarter! A fresh young person edged away from our vicinity, as Genevieve pressed close to me and tried to carry all my small traps. "Aw, get you gone," shouted she derisively, "or I'll scratch the other side to match," and a deep long scar upon his reddened cheek gave point to her threat, and reason for his avoidance of her locality. It also explained a good deal of noise which had preceded her tardy answer to my call the evening before, and a dangerous glint in her eye whenever she passed the fresh young person. Genevieve in her coal dust and rags may not be beautiful, but is certainly a lady who stands no nonsense, even before she attains her full strength!

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The way to go is via the Grand Trunk Railway System. Trains leave Toronto at 7:55 a.m., arrive Lindsay at 10:50, make connections with steamer Esturion, leaving Lindsay at 11:30 a.m. For full information, tickets and illustrated literature, call at City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

Writing this way at so much a word hardly would pay. Writing this way? Never! Nay, nay! It is absurd writing this way at so much a word!

Still,
I am of the opinion
That
It is a
Good deal honest
Than calling this kind
Of
Stuff
Poetry and getting so
Much
A
Line
For it.
Eh?—Life.

Uncle Horace (who is something of a sage and philosopher): My boy, it is time for you to think seriously of the kind of future you intend to map out for yourself. To sum it up in a word, what epitaph are you anxious to have engraved upon your tombstone?

Nephew (just beginning his career): "He got his share."—Chicago Tribune.

If this English journalistic influx continues, it will soon be hard to find an old country paper that does not know that Medicine Hat is warm in summer and that there are no bears on the streets of Hamilton, Ont.—Montreal Herald.

The Old Sweethearts.

The princes ride in the lists no more,
The knights are gone and the tourneys dead;
The red rose fades by the lady's door,
The cavaliers on their steeds have fled;
Ribbons fluttered on shoulders fair,
Winds have wafted them fast and far;
No one answers the dragon's dare,
No one knows where the damsels are;
But love is love, with its nameless thrill,
And the old sweethearts are our sweethearts still!

Ring and book and the race of death,
Charges neighing with foam-flecked bit,
High-sworn vows, with a long-drawn breath,
Lifted glass and the toast of wit;
Satin slippers and silken hose,
Drooping eyes and the gaze demure
Bid farewell to the likes of those
Passed with the pages of romance pure!
Only, as ever, by vale or hill,
The old sweethearts are our sweethearts still!

Love in a cottage, with bread and cheese
And frequent kisses for something sweet;
Lips like wine of the red wine's lees,
And perfect music of pattering feet—
Draw the curtain, their day is done,
Half forgotten the golden lay
In which the popular balladists spun
The web love wove in the olden day!

Yet, in the pot by the vine-clad mill,
The old sweethearts are our sweethearts still!

Roses red by the garden gate,
Violets blue in the white-shelled walk;
Eyes that hide in their deeps one's fate,
Whispered nothings and idle talk;
Drift of dreaming by hill and shore,
Pausing, lingering, loth to go,
Another moment and one kiss more,
And over and over, "I love you so!"
Ah, by the shadows on hearth and sill
The old sweethearts are our sweethearts still.

Lovers vanish, the knights are dust,
The prince is dead and his valor old;
The gleam is tarnished, the glow is rust
On fairy fields of the cloth of gold;
But love, young love, so fresh, so new,
The oldest god but the youngest child.

Is king as then in the lanes of dew,
Where the lilies laughed and the roses smiled,
And hearts he pierces obey his will—
For the old sweethearts are our sweethearts still!

—Baltimore Sun.

"The mind is a marvelous thing," said Professor Zachariah Terwilliger to his psychology class. His lecture and its sequel are printed in the New York Sun. "Let us consider," went on the worthy sage, "the process expressed in the good old homely phrase, making up one's mind. I am on the threshold of an important decision. What I determine to do may have a grave bearing on my future. First, I ponder over the matter carefully. I look at it in every aspect, examine it searchingly in all lights, from all angles. By the indefinable process of reasoning I arrive at a certain conclusion. But this is not all.

"As a man of discretion, it behooves me to secure counsel. I listen carefully to judgments, noting zealously each person's individual bias. Then I assort and catalogue these outside opinions.

"I next step aside psychically and view the array. Having, as I modestly beg to claim, a plastic, although notably individual mind, I am able thus to project myself into the personalities of others, and view my



Little Girl (to complete stranger): "Please, Sir, am I out an hour yet?"
—Punch.

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the satisfaction you
have in wearing it.



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Wash Silks
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is Fast Color, Highest Lustre
Artistic Shades
Why waste your labor using
inferior silks—buy Corticelli—
and see the difference in results.

own impressions, and my own status as they might view them. This, young gentlemen, is an especially valuable exercise I beg you to cultivate the faculty.

"Finally, I give one last, sweeping survey to the whole subject. Then I decide; my mind is made up irrevocably. No stress, no threats could alter that decision; no cajolery, no urging could modify it. For, next to moderation and open-mindedness, there is nothing so valuable as firmness.

"This illustration has been taken from actuality. I have come to an unalterable decision."

The students departed, much impressed. The professor, in a glow of self-satisfaction, sought his home. Mrs. Terwilliger met him at the door. "Zachariah," she said, "have you made up your mind on that matter?"

"Yes, my dear, I have thought it over and decided to say no."

"Really?" There was a touch of irony in the good lady's tone. "Well, I've thought it over, too, and I've decided you must accept. It would be nonsense to— Mrs. Terwilliger's aspect was ominous.

"Very well, my dear," interjected the professor quickly and meekly. "All right; do not let us have any words. Of course I shall accept; of course."

—Harper's Weekly.

"The most expensive coat I've got," remarked the summer man, "For which I paid an awful lot, is just this coat of tan."

—Harper's Weekly.

"Did you ever go a-crabbing, Dolly?" "No," said Dolly hopelessly. "But I've gone a-lobstering."—New York Sun.

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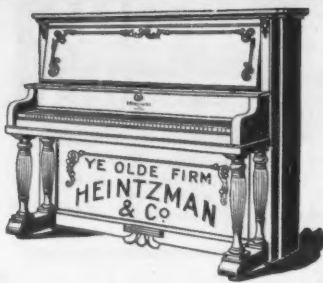
Add to the cream the
finest flour, the sweetest
of dairy butter, and best
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Johnnie Stanley with Gus Edwards' Blonde Typewriters in "A Picnic for One."

LaVeen & Cross Roman Sports and Pastimes.

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Beatrice Walter McKenzie & Shannon in their Singing Playlet "A Shire Piratation."

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Marvelous and Sensational Cyclists.

Rider Haggard is a very rapid worker. "She," for instance, was written in six weeks. He is also exceedingly thorough in his preparations for writing a book. He makes a habit of spending months among the scenes in which his plot is to be laid. But having obtained the material, he writes at fever heat, not sketching out the plot beforehand, but writing a chapter as it comes to him, and letting the plot develop itself as he goes along.

"Why was he arrested?" "On suspicion; he was caught entering a powder mill with a copy of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's 'Poems of Passion' under his arm."—Houston Post.



THE DRAMA

THE opening attraction at the Princess Theatre will be "Before and After," which comes here from the Astor Theatre, New York. Messrs. Wagengals & Kemper will send here the same scenic and other effects which were seen during the long run of the play in New York. Including its first engagement, which was at the Manhattan Theatre, and the second, which was at the Astor, it has a record of three hundred nights on Broadway, besides a run of five hundred nights in Berlin and two hundred and fifty nights in London and Paris. It is said to be a very bright, entertaining play.

Toronto's new theatre, the Royal Alexandra, will open on Monday night, August 26, with a high-class extravaganza, "The Top o' the World." This Shubert attraction has two acts and seven scenes. The company includes some eighty-five people, with a chorus of fifty voices. The book is by Mark E. Swan, lyrics by James O'Dea, and music by Manuel Klein and Anna Caldwell. The piece has been staged by Frank Smithson, while Wm. M. Rock has arranged the dancing numbers. Some of the principals are Anna Laughlin, Wm. M. Rock, Kathleen Clifford, Blanch Wayne, John D. Gilbert, John McVeigh, Harry Fairleigh, Arthur Hill and Will F. Phillips.

One of the best bills of the season and one that is sure to meet with the approval of summer amusement lovers, is promised by Shea's Theatre for next week. The bill will be headed by Johnnie Stanley, with Gus Edwards' "Blonde Typewriters." Johnnie Stanley is one of the cleverest singing and dancing comedians in vaudeville. As an extra attraction on the bill Manager Shea is presenting the Dunedin Troupe, a marvelous aggregation of artistic acrobatic cyclists. Others on the bill are McKenzie & Shannon, Keefe & Pearl, Donegan Sisters, LaVeen & Cross, Herbert Cyril and the kinetograph.

"The Prince of Pilsen" is now appearing at the Studebaker Theatre, Chicago. This musical comedy has been fitted out with new scenery, new costumes and forty new girls in the chorus, and will start on its Pacific coast tour next month.

Mr. Albert Chevalier, who has been engaged to take the chief comedy part in the autumn drama at Drury Lane, London, recalls with some amusement his visit to an American newspaper office when first he went to New York. He was introduced to the editor, who very courteously showed him over the building. As they were roaming round they came to a little room full of pigeon-holes. "What room is this?" inquired the modern Robson, "Obituary notice room," was the reply. Then with a twinkle in his eye, the editor called an attendant and asked him to look in pigeon-hole C. "What name?" asked the attendant. "Chevalier," said the editor. There was a pause, and a little bundle of papers was handed to Chevalier for his inspection, and, incidentally, his approval. The bundle of notes contained the necessary "copy," evidently brought quite up to date, in case of his premature demise.

Another story, typical of those people who always know more about you than you know about yourself, is told by the great "coster-artist." At a friend's house he took a lady, a stranger, down to dinner. Their introduction had been very hurried, and she evidently had not caught Mr. Chevalier's name. During dinner she began to talk about "Chevalier" and for the fun of the thing the actor scouted any idea of his talent as a performer. Much to his amusement, the lady resented his "criticism." He was on the point of making his identity known, when, turning round suddenly after saying something especially complimentary about his work, she exclaimed, "Ah! but he's a bad man—a really bad man. I know for a fact that some years ago he deserted his wife and three children—left them to starve!" Then Chevalier made himself known, and gently explained to her that he was not, and never had been, married.

Madame Yvette Guilbert, who has just fulfilled a brief engagement on the variety stage in London, preparatory to joining the legitimate stage, is the wife of Dr. Schiller, an

American with a French training. Although the great variety favorite wishes to devote herself wholly to comedy in the future, she will not consent to criticism or advice from managers of theatres or authors of plays. "When I am given my part," she says, "I must be left to study my 'character' and deliver my lines precisely my own way. There are some authors who would probably not agree to this. Well, then, I shall shrug my shoulders and say, 'Merci, take away your play.' I have been on the variety stage for eighteen years, but if I had allowed myself to accept advice as to how I should sing my songs, the name of Yvette Guilbert would be unknown to-day." Madame Guilbert has no desire to adapt herself to tragedy, as she feels that comedy in her forte, and should she not succeed in this to her own satisfaction she will return to the music halls once more.

During a high-browed discussion at the Players' Club in New York the other day, a friend asked Raymond Hitchcock to define the difference between a tragedian and a comedian, to which the "Yankee Tourist" star replied: "Well, I hate to talk about myself, but I have come to believe that a comedian is simply an actor with blonde hair, while a tragedian is a brunette who thinks he is an actor."

"How about the brunettes comedians and the blonde tragedians?" "They're nature fakirs."

Miss Peggy Ballou, the Chicago girl who plays the Dixie Girl in "The Prince of Pilsen" and does an original creole dance in the "Song of the Cities" number, is writing a series of articles filled with wholesome advice to young school girls ambitious for the stage. Her first installment is on "How I became a Chorus Girl," in which she tells how she hypnotized Henry W. Savage, and caused him to select her from a bunch of 200 applicants for the coveted position. Miss Ballou believes the secret of success on the stage may be told in three words—"Manage your manager."

Mr. Ernest Shipman, formerly of Toronto, is meeting with much success in New York as a theatrical manager. Among the attractions he is handling this season are:

Roselle Knott, in "Alice-sit-by-the Fire" and a new play; Laura Burt and Henry Stanford, in high class productions; Anna Day, in "When Knighthood was in Flower"; Bianca West, in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"; "The Bonnie Brier Bush"; revivals of Shakespearean plays; Wright Lorimer, in his new play "The Quicksands," and "The Shepherd King"; Mary Shaw, in New York productions of new plays, by George Bernard Shaw and others; Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, in high class productions; Grace Merritt, in "When Knighthood was in Flower"; Gertrude Shipman, in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Flora Browning has been engaged to play the leading role in George Ade's campus comedy, "The College Widow," this season. Miss Browning is a sister Hoosier of the humorist and was a real college widow herself at the Indiana University only a few summers back. She belongs to the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority and her sister roommates have notified her that they will charter a car and welcome her with banners when "The College Widow" plays Indianapolis in October.

In "The Merry Widow" London is evidently getting what it needed to restore youth to her rheumatic citizens and administer to the gaiety of the nation, as well as if the doctors had prescribed it, judging by the following from the London Daily Telegraph:

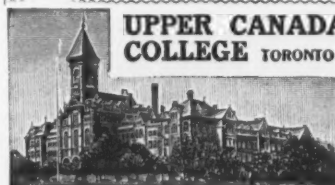
"No world, not even this, with its inverted seasons' and perverted weather, its sunless skies and everlasting cold and damp, can reach its maximum of sadness so long as composers are as cheerful as Mr. Franz Lehár, and utter their good spirits in terms of music as bright as those of 'The Merry Widow.' This young lady has not been long among us, but already we feel that she has come to stay. She is welcome, for she is quite 'the catch of the season.' Only in one respect do we deprecate her visit, and that is that in her baggage she brought one of those ear-haunt-

ing Viennese valses which, once they grip, are as unavoidable as the night. The melody is as persistent and insistent as anything that has come from the gayest of gay cities for many a day. 'I love you so' is its English title, but we will not guarantee constancy if we are to be haunted by it at every street corner when we rise up in the morning, even until we retire for the night, when the members of one's family hum it incessantly upstairs, and the domestics carry the refrain below."

Great actresses seem sometimes to have hazy notions of literary ethics. Sarah Bernhardt was in trouble with her publishers some time ago, the question being as to the entire originality of some of her memoirs. Now Ellen Terry is on the carpet for a like offence. Mr. McClure purchased Miss Terry's autobiography, and it now seems that the same matter was published some years ago in a British review. Perhaps it was the agent who was to blame and not Miss Terry at all. It is hard to imagine that Miss Terry was ever to blame for anything in the whole course of her exquisite life, and the agent will doubtless feel it to be his peculiar and enviable privilege to accept whatever censure may be due. He may argue that facts retold lose none of their value, but a callous and world-hardened publisher must be pardoned if he takes a different view. To him it will seem that the peach has lost its bloom and that the color of the butterfly's wing has been dulled. It is almost like the discovery that the newly wedded wife was, after all, a widow. We need not hint at deterioration, but—in this instance the trouble between author and publisher is in a fair way to be patched, but it would be well for those concerned to remember that a publisher wishes that his manuscripts shall be like Caesar's wife—above suspicion.

Richard McFarland, who handled the half million dollars, more or less, that came in at the box office window in the cities visited by Henry W. Savage's "Madam Butterfly" company last year, has gone to Philadelphia to manage two theatres—the Lyric and the Adelphi—for the Schuberts.

In a little cottage in the woods near Saranac Lake, N. Y., stretched out upon a couch in a darkened room, lies the shadow of a man, Richard Mansfield. Illness and disease have withered him away until he weighs hardly a hundred pounds, has but little control of his voice or body, and in fact is but barely alive. He will never be seen in public again. He has played his last part, has made up for the last time and now he lies dying in the heart of the Adirondacks from consumption. A strange feature of Mr. Mansfield's present illness is said to be his constant desire to gaze upon the costumes in which he was arrayed when he made his greatest successes, and each day his valet lays out before him the gaudy stage clothes, then, while his eyes rest lovingly upon them, the sick man repeats to his wife the lines of the plays. Sometimes he does this for hours until his voice goes back on him and he sinks to the pillows exhausted.



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ANEC DOTAL

AMBASSADOR BRYCE at a dinner in Urbana, Ill., gave a young lady some tips on European travel.

"And above all," he said, "don't fail to tip your cabman liberally. Hansoms and four-wheelers would be cheap in London if one only paid the legal fare for them, but he who tries to pay the legal fare—well, he does not try it more than once."

"One day I saw an old lady stop a hansom, look up at the driver and say timidly:

"Driver, I want to go to Ludgate Circus. I see by the book that the legal fare is two shillings. If I give you three will you promise not to swear at me afterward?"

It is well to remember that our word "laconic" preserves the memory of the reputation for conciseness of speech borne by the people of one part of Greece—the Laconians. When Philip of Macedon threatened them, "If I enter Laconia I will level your city to the dust," they made the famous reply, "If."

DURING the last elections in Russia an orator at a public meeting, presided over by Prof. Milyoukov, concluded his discourse by exclaiming:

"Hurrah for the constituent assembly!"

He was interrupted by a police officer, who said: "It is forbidden to mention the constituent assembly."

"Well, then, ladies and gentlemen," said the orator, "hurrah for that which it is forbidden to mention!" A tremendous hurrah followed.

BEERBOHM TREE is absent-minded. One day he took a cab and gave the driver an address. Throughout the journey he was reading letters, and when the house was reached he alighted, still reading, and knocked at the door. When the door was opened Tree looked up abstractedly and said to the amazed servant, "Come in! Come in!"

Still reading, he re-entered the cab, and returned to the theatre with his mission unaccomplished.

SCOTCHMAN who recently took the street-car trip on the Gorge route, the New York side of Niagara river, was much disgusted with the hawkers of views and "Teddy Bears," who make the afternoon tedious and do their best to spoil Nature's grandeur. As he alighted from the car he looked angry at the shouting vendors and then at the Whirlpool Rapids.

"What's the use of having a big river like that," he asked, "if you don't drown those fellows in it?"

M. R. ROOSEVELT'S style of lawn tennis is said to be fast and aggressive and once the ball is in motion there is no loosing, from the moment of the first serve over the net "all hands are on deck," the President smashing the ball with great effect and covering much ground on his side of the court. Mr. Roosevelt will often address the players by their Christian names, shouting his approval should his opponent happen to make a return out of the presidential reach and exhibiting equal enthusiasm when he himself makes a cunning shot. Strict formalities are tabooed, even when opposed to the representatives of foreign governments who may be spottedly attired in white "ducks," the head of the government comes bustling into court wearing a rough-and-ready flannel shirt and an old pair of trousers.

A SAN FRANCISCO newspaper tells this story: I remember one distinguished Chinese who gave the newspaper men a big surprise. We knew that he was a high official and that he had come to this country on a mission of importance, but not one of us dreamed of getting from him more than a perfunctory interview through one of his interpreters. Through a secretary he conveyed to the big man our desire for an interview. He talked with his secretary in Chinese for a few moments, and then the secretary in halting English invited us to accompany him and the chief to the official's suite. We filed in, dropped into the seats to which we were bowed by the statesman, and waited for somebody to begin.

As we hesitated a peculiar smile lit the big man's face. Lying back in his chair he cocked one leg over the other, lighted a cigar, and dropped a bomb by saying:

"Fire away, boys, I'm ready. But before you begin, who won the boat race?"



THE man was taking an early morning stroll along the beach when he met a charming young girl, also enjoying a stroll.

"I was just wishing I might meet you," he said, as he approached her with the air of one having at least a claim of friendship on her.

The girl lifted her eyebrows and regarded him with a surprised look, in which there was not the slightest hint of recognition.

The man looked a little more than surprised. In fact he looked and was shocked.

"Of course you haven't forgotten," he said, in a dazed sort of way.

"Forgotten what?" she replied coldly.

"Why, last night—down by the big rock—moon rise—soft murmur of tide—don't you know?"

"I don't understand," she said, moving away.

"Why—er," he stammered, "we became engaged down there last night—fixed our wedding day—don't you remember now?"

A momentary blankness o'erspread the sweet girl's face, then the light of memory illumined it.

"Oh," she exclaimed pleasantly, "how stupid of me to forget. So we did!"

And passed on.

A LADY went into the grocery store one Saturday evening and bought a package of shredded wheat biscuit. Monday morning, when the order-clerk called at her house, she bought two more packages, saying her boy liked them, and had eaten all the other package on Sunday. Wednesday morning she ordered two packages, again saying how much her boy liked them, and that he had eaten all the others. Friday, when the clerk called, no mention was made of shredded wheat; so he inquired if she would not like some. The lady replied: "No, my boy thinks they are not making them as good as they did."

A CERTAIN prominent physician tells of an amusing experience of early days of his practice when he was residing in a small town where by far the majority of the workers were coal-miners.

"I was greatly distressed by the unsanitary conditions prevailing in their cottages," says the doctor, "and among other things I tried to explain to each household the importance of maintaining a wholesome atmosphere in their sleeping-rooms. I laid in a stock of thermometers, which were distributed to the households where they were most needed. I took pains to point out, to each family in turn, just how the thermometer would indicate the proper degree of temperature."

"As I was making the rounds one day I inquired of the woman at the head of one establishment, wherein I observed my thermometer proudly displayed at the end of a string, whether she had followed my instructions."

"Yes, sir," answered she, "I'm very careful about the temperature. I watch the thing all the time as it hangs up there."

"What do you do when the temperature rises above sixty-eight?"

"I take it down, sir, an' put it outside till it cools off a bit."

AN assiduous high school student, having to retranslate into Latin a paragraph "based on Cicero," searched through the works of that author until he found the passage in the original. After reading it over to see that the English was an exact translation of the Latin, he merely copied the passage from the book, and, handing it in, began to anticipate high praise from his teacher. But to his surprise his paper came back with a number of ugly blue marks.

Though disliking to disclose his deception, he decided that "the joke would be on the instructor if he did so. Accordingly he confessed having copied the passage, and asked how it could be full of mistakes. But the teacher was prepared for him.

"I knew it was copied," said he, sternly. "That was apparent. But I also wanted you to know, sir, that Cicero could take liberties with the Latin tongue which you cannot!"

ABOUT the time when the papers were full of the controversy growing out of the stories of the "nature fakirs," two negroes in Washington were overheard discussing the intelligence of birds in general.

"Birds is shore sensible," observed one darky to the other. "Yo' kin learn them anything. I uster work for a lady that had one in a clock, an' when it was time to tell de time it uster come out an' say cuckoo just as many times as de time was!"

"Yo' doan' say so?" asked the other negro, incredulously.

"Shore thing!" responded the first darky. "But de most wonderful part was dat it was only a wooden bird, too!"

AN excellent man in Scotland took a circuitous route in seeking to demonstrate that the absorber of Jonah really was the leviathan of the deep. First, he showed that the possessor of the swallow was not a tiger, nor a lion, nor any other quadruped. What "fush," then, was it?

"Aiblins a cod," some of you may say," he remarked. "Na, na, ma freends," he went on, "no' a' the cod in the Moray Firth could hae swallowed in the prophet Jonah. 'Aiblins a saumon,' some others o' ye may say. Na, na, ma freends, no' a' the saumon in the Tay could hae swallowed up Jonah."

An old lady, fidgeting in the congregation, here burst in with "Aiblins a whale!"

"Haud your tongue, ye auld deevil!" quoth the pastor. "Hoo dar' ye tak' the word o' the Lord out of the mooth o' his servant?"

A LADY was explaining to a visitor the many advantages of concrete hollow block construction, of which the walls of her new home were built.

"The air spaces in the walls afford insulation against heat in summer and cold in winter," she exclaimed; "besides, such walls afford ventilation and insure a more healthful house."

The visitor reflected a moment and replied: "Our frame house must be quite as well built. Every night we lock the cat in the cellar, and have to let her out of the attic in the morning."

THESE college girls," said a clergyman as he gazed at the white and superb ranks of the beautiful graduates, "are a boon to the race. They introduce new ideas. I christened the other day the first baby of a married college girl. Now, babies usually cry while they are being christened; but this one was as quiet as a lamb. Throughout the ceremony it smiled up beautifully into my face."

"Well, madam," said I to the young wife at the christening's end, "I must congratulate you on your little one's behavior. I have christened more than 2,000 babies, but I never before christened one that behaved so well as yours."

The young mother smiled demurely. "No wonder he behaved well," she said. "His father and I, with a pail of water, have been practicing christening on him for the last ten days."

LAWRENCE MOTT, the well-known young author and automobilist, condemned scorching, at a recent dinner in New York.

"I condemn," he said, "scorching and the scorcher, but I don't condemn the scorched man hastily. Hasty condemnation is always a mistake. Once on a Canadian railway, I got off the train for a five-minute luncheon at a railway eating bar. There was a man beside me gobbling away, and when he finished I heard him say bitterly, as he took out his purse:

"Call that a ham sandwich? It's the worst ham sandwich I ever ate. No more taste than sawdust, and so small you could hardly see it."

"Ye've et yer ticket," said the waiter. "This here's yer ham sandwich."

JACK LONDON, to illustrate one view of charity, said that two old men were smoking and drinking together after dinner. The host rang the bell and an old woman appeared.

"Confound you, stupid!" said the host. "Didn't I tell you I wanted the Scotch? Take this back and bring what I asked for, you old fool!"

"Come, come," said the guest, after the old woman had hurried away in great fright. "Come, come, my friend, don't you think you are rather too sharp with your old servant?"

"Oh," said the other, "she's not a servant. She's only a poor relation I'm keeping out of charity."

The guest looked relieved. "That alters the case of course," he said.

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Every Man His Own Euphemist

HERE never was a greater fallacy, as there never was a more famous one, than that of Shakespeare:

"That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

For part of the rose's sweetness is its long lineage of other roses, with rings and rhymes and moonlight and fair women. Calling a rose a crowsop or a cabbage would so alter the suggestions as to destroy the imaginative pleasure which the actual smell merely serves to call into being.

It must be by a converse reasoning upon this principle that many people speak of their own cabbages as if they were roses. So much does aristocratic association count for! Calling the spade a spade is no such simple matter—our own spade. If one only chooses with a judicious regard for fineness the phrases in which he speaks of his life, how its dull gray commonplaceness grows opal-bright! Even one's miseries afford a doleful pleasure, when they are mentioned respectfully. A man may belong to the class of Blunt Truth-tellers upon all other subjects; but show me the man, much less the woman, who, in speaking conversationally of his own possessions or his own business or his own ailments, does not by the same token pick and choose his way with the punctilious daintiness of a lady on a muddy crosswalk, and you have found the hundredth man and a woman in a thousand. For there is an endearing intimacy about our own affairs that excuses their pettiness and glorifies their shabbiness. They are ours, to us all-important, however insignificant to others; and it is by a natural and pardonable impulse that we treat them tenderly.

This euphemy of one's affairs is nothing so gross as exaggeration; it is rather a nice choice of terms, a conveyance of the exact shade of sentiment felt. There is a whole vocabulary of euphemism in common use—a currency of conversation, depreciated to be sure, but at a well-understood ratio, so that nobody is

deceived, and its use is hardly at all restricted. Many men and most women, without falsifying by a hair's breadth, yet manage by some subtle and delicate art to give the impression that theirs is an enviable lot. In this vocabulary a man's uncontentious house and lot, incidentally mortgaged, become a "piece," and his back yard a "garden," while his "lawns" and his "grounds" are invariably plural. In like manner he refers to his "piazas," or even, if sufficiently versed in the demands of the hour on such matters, to his "terrace," or his "loggia," or his "summer-room." Such a common affair as the "stoop" or "porch" has long since been relegated to the farmhouses of our forefathers and the dialect stories. Why is it that one no longer hears of "folks" or of "sitting-rooms"? It is among the possibilities that some of these good old terms have been cast upon the rubbish heap of vulgarities of speech that all good Americans are striving to avoid.

The euphemistic temperament, indeed, decorates all its pathway with the little flowers of speech. I know a charming woman who is so much an artist in this kind, that, not by her words alone, but by expressive tones, glances, gestures, the most humbly commonplace experience is tinged by her in the telling with the glamor of romantic adventure. It is a gift that places her somewhat uneventful and inconspicuous life upon the plane of glory, in her own thoughts; and I am not sure but that it gives her friends as much pleasure as it does herself.

A colloquy between the Euphemist and the Blunt Truth-teller is always productive of interesting contrasts. The Euphemist patiently modifies his vocabulary to meet the statistical intelligence of his audience, gently conceding this and that to the narrow spirit of exactitude, but preserving to the last the deliberate kindness and sunny self-content of his class; while the other, more in anger than in pain at the laxity of conscience which can permit such verbal indulgences, speaks a truth more and more unvarnished in tones ever more acidly uncompromising.

Men as a rule speak euphemistically of their affairs of business, women of their *affaires de coeur*. But in what touches personal vanity we are all euphemists alike. We prefer not even to think of ourselves as growing fat, or bald, or elderly; so we

turn the mirror at a flattering angle, put pink shades on the candles, and drape the distasteful facts in tissues of goodly words.

After all, this euphemism is no mere matter of words, but of the soul—kind of optimism. It is a feeling, a sentiment rather, that springs from heart to lips. What we love, that we would speak well of. Fortunately for us, it is the beauty and peace and the joys of home that we recall in absence, and not its shabbiness or its monotony or its family jars. The fittest survives in Memory, as in Natural History. We recall our happiness, not as a confused whole, checked with petty annoyances and marred with the inevitable imperfections of the finite, but as an emotion simple and clear. Not the pleasure itself do we remember, but a gracious Symbol that suggests the flitted form of Joy herself. What wonder that we euphemize?

The Vagrant.

He came unto the door of Heaven,
Free as of old and gay:
"What hast thou done," the porter cried,
"That thou shouldst pass this way?"

"Hast fed the hungry, clothed the poor?"
The vagrant shook his head.
"I drank my wine and I was glad,
But I did not give them bread."

"Hast prayed upon the altar steps?"
"Nay, but I loved the sun."
"Has wept?" "The blossoms of the spring
I gathered every one."

"But what fair deed canst thou present?"
"Like light, one radiant beam?"
"I robbed no child of his fairy tale.
No dreamer of his dream's."
—Anna McClure Sholl, in Appleton's.

Guest (to lonesome looking man on the corner)—Awful stupid affair, don't you think?

"No doubt of it."
"No man would ever dream of giving a mixed up thing of this sort."
"That's what I told my wife."
"Have I met your wife?"
"Very likely. She's the woman that is giving the party."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Automobile Topics

Notes on Matters of Timely Interest to Motorists.

THE automobile race track recently completed at Weybridge, England, is not exclusively for racing. It will afford motor car owners and manufacturers testing ground unequaled in the world. The New York Times publishes the following description of the track:

It is practically an inverted colosseum, for, whereas in the case of the famous Roman amphitheatre, the spectators surrounded the arena, at Weybridge the arena will surround the spectators with one great sweep of three and a quarter miles of concrete deck, 100 feet wide. With the exception of one curve, the whole track will be in view of the spectators. The home stretch is level as a billiard table and as straight as an arrow, over 100 feet wide, with a safety incline at the end to enable the drivers to pull up without danger.

A remarkable point about the track is the slope of the curves. They are like the sides of an immense smooth bowl with the subtlest increase in steepness from level to an almost precipitous angle. The curves were designed on a strictly mathematical basis, each foot of elevation being specially regulated to meet the requirements of cars traveling at speeds of from thirty to 120 miles an hour. A car traveling 100 miles an hour, for example, will encircle the curve far above those traveling thirty to fifty miles an hour. The construction of the track consumed upward of 200,000 tons of concrete.

Recent rumors that several automobile firms are overstocked with cars prove on investigation to be false. Any one who is convinced that the supply exceeds the demand, says one writer, has only to order a motor car. Unless he is prepared to buy one of the cars standing in a depot he will have to wait weeks for a new one. A writer, however, in Autocar, considers overproduction the greatest danger of the industry. He says:

We have no misgivings whatever as to the future of the industry, but it is quite easy to see that if all the makers continue to extend their factories in the way so many of them are doing, there must come a time—

and that very soon—when the supply will exceed the demand. Foreign competition and all other difficulties are nothing compared with the danger of overproduction. The reason overproduction is so dangerous is because it leads to price-cutting. Stacks of cars accumulate which must be sold at a figure little in excess of cost price. Nothing of the sort has occurred up to the present time, nor is it likely to occur unless, as we have said, the supply is so greatly increased that it exceeds the demand. It may be urged that, although this would be bad for the industry, it would be a good thing for motorists in general, as they would obtain their cars at bargain prices. This however, is an incorrect view to take. Just at the moment a comparatively few buyers would benefit, as they would undoubtedly seize the opportunity of securing cars at below their fair retail price, but this would only be a momentary benefit. Directly things were readjusted and the surplus stock had been cleared, there would be no more bargains. It would simply mean that the price, having been reduced, would remain low, and to protect the maker from loss, cars of inferior quality would be thereafter supplied. It has always proved so in other industries, and the motor car industry would assuredly be no exception to the rule. That is why we consider that the one thing to be avoided, on the part of all who have the stability of the motor industry at heart, is overproduction, which not only brings ruin to the manufacturer, but lowers the standard of excellence. Circumstances may, however, arise which would render a reduction in price consistent with satisfactory maintenance of quality, but this state of things would also necessitate the sacrifice to a large extent of individuality in matters of taste. Motor cars in course of time will probably become so standardized as to be, comparatively speaking, much less expensive to produce than they are now, thus bringing them within the range of a greater number of probable users and providing an outlet for increased production.

Only in Great Britain, so far as I know, says a writer in The Car, does the law hold that a foot passenger has an equal right to the highway with wheeled traffic, and that it is the duty of the driver of the latter to avoid at all costs the former, even if he has to do so at considerable inconvenience and often danger. In other countries, on the contrary, it is the duty of the pedestrian to give way to the wheeled traffic.

That nothing has done so much as the automobile to educate the man in the street on mechanical matters is asserted, with apparent reason, by Charles B. Hayward in the Automobile of New York. Naturally in the process of education he sometimes gets a little mixed, and Mr. Hayward tells a number of amusing anecdotes illustrating the vague notions of explosion-motors often entertained by the general public. A favorite story is that in which the chauffeur tells his green employer that some essential feature of the motor is "missing"—perhaps "a couple of cylinders" or, in one case, "the motor" itself! Here is a tale of a "newly fledged owner" trying to display his knowledge by asking the chauffeur questions before some guests:

"Why doesn't she pick up better on hills?" he inquired, as the motor slowed down and began to labor, due to the fact that the driver was trying to take a rise on the high gear that was too much for the car.

"She's losing compression," was the reply.

"That's so," remarked his employer in a relieved tone of voice; "I thought I heard something dropping back there," and he looked anxiously back along the road to spot the lost compression lying on the dusty highway.

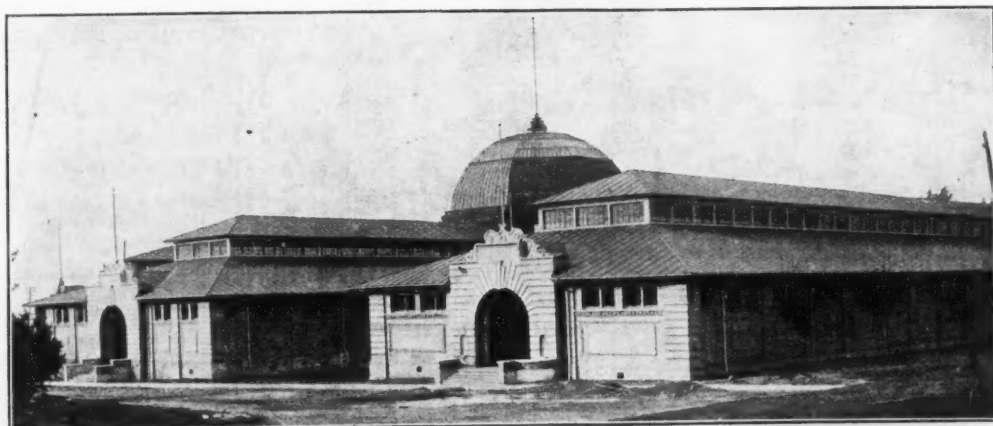
The man who is fond of taking things to pieces furnishes plenty of material for stories of this kind. One of these was surprised to find that all his piston rings were "broken" and wrote an angry letter demanding whole ones. Another, on being told that his motor needed "more compression," sent to the factory for a package of it. Still another, after investigating his muffler, wrote the following query to the makers:

"How on earth can you expect me to make your old machine go, when the pot on the end of the pipe that comes from the motor is as full of holes as a sieve?"

BUFFALO MOTHS.

Toronto is infested with the very destructive pest known as the Buffalo moth. Ladies will be pleased to know that "Cooper-Ford Buffalo Moth Exterminator" will absolutely rid the home of these insects.

THERE IS NO SECRET PROCESS IN THE MAKING OF



The New Process Building at Canadian National Exhibition.

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT

The World's Best Breakfast Food

COME and SEE

our exhibit in the Process Building at the Canadian National Exhibition and watch us make **SHREDDED WHEAT** and you will eat no other cereal food.

GOVERNMENT Inspection is Good,
But PUBLIC Inspection is Better.
We Invite Both.

We shred the cooked wheat because the countless shreds expose a vast surface to the action of the saliva and the gastric juices of the stomach; these, being very porous, are quickly permeated by the digestive fluids, thus easily and quickly digested.

SHREDDED WHEAT is rich in all the elements that build brain, bone and muscle and insure good sound teeth.

CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LIMITED

Toronto Office: 32 Church Street.

Niagara Falls, Ontario.



Illustrating the process of shredding the wheat.

Some exclusive London clubs purvey ginger ale that vies in delicate crispness with York Springs Dry Ginger Ale, but does not equal it in purity nor excel it in flavor, pungency and aroma. Try it with Rye or Scotch, or straight, or with a dash of lemon juice—simply fine! Your club, favorite bar or merchant can procure it for you. Demand it by name.

York Springs Dry Ginger Ale
is better—yet costs no more.

Ask your dealer or Phone M. 6374.

LABATT'S ALE

Is not artificially charged with gas (carbonated) as are some ales, but is allowed to mature in the natural way. Not pasteurized, it retains the delicate flavor and aroma of the hops and malt. Taken before meals, it stimulates the appetite and prevents constipation.

PURE WHOLESOME PALATABLE BEVERAGE



NICE HAIR

Always makes a person look well more than any other feature about them. Our ability and facilities, added to our wide and comprehensive experience makes everything we do the standard of others to imitate. In hair goods and hair dressing of the particular and individual sort.

"PEMBERS"

127-129 YONGE ST.

Are the admitted leaders, and as such are known to every woman of refinement and cultivated taste. Before you go down to the Woodbine just allow us to dress your hair and we'll leave the rest to the comments of your part.

Hair dressing Imported Combs Toilet Articles



Where is Your Old Bicycle?

Dig it up from the limbo of forgotten enthusiasms and restore it to its place among the utilities of to-day. All it will need, probably, is a set of new tires. Wheeling is worth taking up again for the satisfaction of riding the new Dunlop-Doughty Process Tires. Just out this season. A tire that has improved air cushioning qualities and a slipless tread that won't wear down. The name "Dunlop" is embossed on this new tire. It costs no more than the old style. The Doughty Process Dunlop Tire is the old reliable "These are the Only Tools You'll Need" Tire made in an improved form by a more reliable method.

Doughty Process Dunlop Tire
is the old reliable "These are the Only Tools You'll Need" Tire made in an improved form by a more reliable method.

Niagara-on-the-Lake

THE dance at the Queen's Royal on Saturday evening was, as usual, most enjoyable. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Jack MacKellar, Miss McGill, Mrs. Lansing, Miss S. Lansing, Mrs. Syer, Miss Lester, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkover, Mrs. Geary, Mr. Pierson, Hon. J. J. Foy, Mr. Jim Foy, the Misses Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Silverthorne, Miss M. Silverthorne, Mrs. Arthur Harvey, Miss Katie Miller, Miss L. Ford, Mr. Rutherford Ford, Mr. Fargo, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Violet Edwards, Mr. Hardman, the Misses Geddes, Miss Green, Dr. Suggs, Mr. Winnett Thompson, the Misses Rosenmuller, Miss F. Heward, Miss Miller, Cincinnati; Miss McClean, Miss Beddome, London; Mr. Crombie, Miss Betty Thomas, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Moncreiff, Mrs. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Cady, Buffalo; Mrs. Rumsey, Mr. Dexter Rumsey, Mrs. Burritt, Mr. Middleton, Mr. E. Griener, Mr. Strathy, and many others.

Mr. P. C. Larkin and Mr. McMichael arrived on Monday in their motor. They dined at the Queen's Royal, leaving the same evening by boat for Toronto.

Mrs. Wilson, of Chicago, Mrs. Suydam's aunt, is at present a guest at the Queen's Royal.

Mr. T. G. Mason and Mr. A. J. Mason have arrived in town and are at the Queen's Royal for the rest of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Webb, Toronto, spent the week end at the Queen's Royal.

Miss Amy McGill, Toronto, is spending a few weeks in town.

One of the most popular summer visitors, Miss Gladys Edwards, has been greatly missed here this season by her many friends, but we hear she is enjoying herself immensely at Saranac Lake, the guest of Mrs. Peyton Clark.

One of the most enjoyable club teas was given by the Niagara Golf Club on Saturday, August 10. During the afternoon a putting contest took place for prizes given by Miss F. Heward. Miss Webb, of Cleveland, was successful in winning the ladies' prize, while Mr. Herring won the gentlemen's. Mr. Jackson's prizes for the ladies' handicap were also presented to Miss Mary Garrett and Miss Florence Heward. A few of those present were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Herring, Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Miss McGill, Mrs. Lewis, Miss A. McGay, the Misses Ford, Mrs. Smyth, Miss Heward, the Misses Taylor, Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Tjolkes, Mr. Griener, Mr. Alma, Mr. Bernard, Mr. Scott, Mr. Drummond and others.

Mrs. Thomas and Miss Betty Thomas have just returned to town from an automobile trip through the Adirondacks and other places.

Mr. Mossom Boyd spent the week end in town.

Miss May Sutton is due in Montreal on the steamship Dominion about the 19th of August. She will proceed at once to Niagara-on-the-Lake, where she is to take part in the International Tennis Tournament, which starts August 27.

Mr. Harton Walker, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mara and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkman lunched at the Queen's Royal Saturday, leaving later in the day for Niagara Falls, in Mr. Walker's handsome motor.

There is no event looked forward to with greater eagerness, both by young and old, than the children's fancy dress ball which is to take place on Thursday, the 22nd, in the Queen's Royal Casino. An admission is charged and the proceeds given to the Children's Fresh Air Fund.

Mrs. Fleischman put up very handsome prizes for a mixed foursome on the Queen's Royal links last Saturday, when forty players took part, taxing the links to the utmost. Mrs. Thompson and Mr. Watters were the fortunate winners, making a gross score of 43—the lowest score of the afternoon. Tea was served on the club house verandah and a jolly hour passed by those fortunate enough to be members of this delightful club.

MARCELL.

Winnipeg Auto Club Tour

THE Winnipeg Automobile Club will hold a four-day tour, commencing August 30. It is to be understood that the tour is not a race, the only competition being in connection with the prizes to be given for the cars requiring the fewest adjustments during the trip. The trophy for this is offered by the Olds Motor Works, and is engraved after the following: "Canadian Oldsmobile Cup; first prize, annual provincial tour of Winnipeg Automobile Club."

A prize will also be given for small runabouts and one for each car finishing the tour. The itinerary of the tour will be as follows:

It begins Friday, August 30, at 1 p.m., from the city hall to Portage la Prairie, same evening, a distance of 68 miles; Saturday to Brandon by Neepawa, Minnedosa and Rapid City, distance 125 miles; Sunday will be spent at Brandon; Monday to Morden by Souris, Hartney and Deloraine, returning to Winnipeg; Tuesday by Carman, distance 127 miles; total distance 326 miles.

A pace-making car will be sent out each day, and the regulations of the tour will prevent any car passing the pace-maker. Its purpose will be to prevent speeding. A pilot car will be sent two hours ahead of the tourists each day to mark the road, and a repair car will also go along with an expert repair man.

The Automobile Club are desirous of having as many as possible enter for the tour, and it is expected that at least fifty cars will go along.

The band at Scarborough Beach, led by Conductor Raven is attracting the attention of musical people, so much superior is the organization to the ordinary aggregation of players. In a recent issue of Musical Canada, Dr. F. Nicolai favorably reviews Conductor Raven's concert and discusses the better class of music which he found was appreciated by park patrons. Dr. Nicolai says: "Praise must be given to the musicians composing the band playing at the new park (Scarborough Beach) for the excellence displayed in the rendering of their daily programmes. The appreciation shown by the public goes to prove once more that two-steps and rag-times are not the only kinds of popular music."

SOMETHING FINE IN FURS.

Sellers-Gough Company's Reception Rooms—Exclusive Models and Beautiful Goods.

On the main floor the visitor enters a spacious apartment, with appointments in crimson and green. Green with touches of crimson in a heavy Muray Axminster carpets the floor, deep crimson on the walls, where not hidden by the receptacles closed with green plush portieres, in which are partially hidden the costly furs to be inspected. Mission furniture, whose solid design fits well the large proportions of the room, and mirrors, complete the furnishings of the fine apartment.

Among the most exclusive models in the establishment is a drop coat of Labrador mink, forty-eight inches long. The sleeves are elbow length and the stripes so wonderfully managed as to be vertical in front, in other places diagonally and again straight. A similar coat was made for the Empress of Germany.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

MOORE—At Belleville, Aug. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore, a daughter, still born.

COOPER—In Toronto, July 31, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Cooper, a son.

McCOLL—At Milton, Aug. 12, to Dr. and Mrs. H. A. McColl, a daughter.

CRAIGIE—At Port Credit, Aug. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. James Craigie, a daughter.

COLWELL—At Wallaceburg, Aug. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Colwell, a daughter.

WALLBRIDGE—At Midland, on Aug. 8, to Dr. and Mrs. Wallbridge, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

REYMONDS-STEVENS—At Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 10, Chas. Thomas Reynolds, of Toronto, to Edith, daughter of C. R. Stevens, of Plymouth, Eng.

EBEANS-BLACKADDER—At Long Island, on Aug. 7, Helen Jean Blackadder, to Wm. Bernard Evans, of Montreal.

HARRIS-COLEMAN—At Winnipeg, Monday, Aug. 5, H. H. Harris, Winnipeg, to Dora Banks Coleman, of Toronto.

WARREN-SCHOLES—In Toronto, Aug. 9, May E. Scholes, to Frank W. Warren.

IRVINE-McMURDO — At "Idyll-

TAYLOR-FORBES HEATING SYSTEMS



The above is a photo of Mr. Danial Mann's residence from the front, facing Kingston Road. This palatial home is heated by the "SOVEREIGN" apparatus made by Taylor-Forbes Company, Limited, Guelph. Toronto Office, 1088 King St. Subway. Phone, Park 2711

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE

IMPROVES most everything you eat. Matchless for the relish it gives to Meats, Fowls, Fish, Soups, Eggs, Cheese, etc

Ask any honest grocer for THE BEST SAUCE—He is sure to give you LEA & PERRINS' J. M. Douglas & Co., (Established 1857) Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Teacher's

Matured in wood and mellowed by age
Teacher's "Highland Cream" Scotch Whisky
is, because of its delicacy and mildness, recommended by leading physicians to patients of tender constitution.

At all leading hotels
Geo. J. Foy, Limited, Toronto;
Ottawa Wine Vault Co., Ottawa
and retailed in Toronto by The Wm. Mara Co., D. Campbell, M'iver, Toronto, special representative for Canada.

Wedding Cakes

from Webb's are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada, safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

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447 Yonge St., Toronto

Phone North 4121
A. W. MILES
Mortician
388 College St. TORONTO
(One block east of Bathurst)

ALEX. MILLARD
UNDERTAKER
Private Mortuary
Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

W.H. STONE CO.
Undertakers
32 CARLTON ST.
PHONE NORTH 3755

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office, until Thursday, September 5, 1907, inclusively, for the supply of Coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion.

Combined specification and form of tenders will be obtained on application at this office.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED. GELINAS, Secretary
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, August 1, 1907.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for alterations and additions to Royal Observatory, Ottawa, Ont.," will be received at this office until Wednesday, August 21, 1907, inclusively, for Buildings for Celestial House and Standardizing Steel Tapes at the Royal Observatory, Ottawa, Ont.

Plans and specification can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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MOGUL
EGYPTIAN
CIGARETTES

Fine cigarette tobaccos, like fine wines, are limited to certain localities.

And it's impossible to cultivate them outside these localities.

The finest cigarette tobacco in the world is grown in certain sections of Turkey.

It is in one of these sections that the tobacco for MOGUL Cigarettes grows.

These tobaccos are then shipped to Egypt where they are blended by experts.

The blending is very important, as upon it depends the full, rich, delicate flavor of MOGUL Cigarettes.

MOGULS with cork tips cost 15c. for 10.

S. ANARGYROS. 477

Facts About Fishing

Practical Tests Show That Salmon and Other Fish Do Not Strain the Rod as Much as Fishermen Imagine.

AT one of the clubhouses up the river they were discussing a remarkably handsome twenty-eight pound salmon which one of the men had just taken, says a correspondent of the New York Sun, writing from Gaspé Basin, Quebec.

"Never had such a struggle in my life," he said. "I had scarcely any control over him, as he had risen short and got hooked in the back, between the tail and the adipose fin."

"He led me up and down the big stretch pool, made me get out of the canoes and rush like a maniac down the shallows into DeBrett's hole, and I only got him at last through a miraculous lunge of old Sandy's with the gaff as he was making for a lower part of the stream."

"He kept me going for over an hour and left me tired to death. I should say he never pulled a pound less than sixty pounds."

Two friends, old hands at the game, chuckled.

"Easy old man," said one of them. "Easy with the avoirdupois of the strain."

"I don't exaggerate a little bit," replied the angler. "I know what I can pull very well and am sure that I put not a pound less than sixty pounds into my fight."

"Well, you are modest after all," said the third man. "I got my first big fish, a forty pounder, in a very quick Norwegian river."

"The water was high and particularly strong, and he was hooked foul, too. He gave me nearly an hour's hard fight and tired my arms completely."

"When my guide, a fine young Irish-Swede, gaffed him in midair I was nearly wild with fatigue and excitement."

"He must have pulled a good hundred pounds, I panted, as I lay on my stomach at the edge of a snow pile admiring my fish. I very nearly quarrelled with the best guide man ever had when he replied:

"Five pounds, more like. Never

did I know one pull more," and I found he was right, too."

"What nonsense," said the successful angler. "Excuse my positiveness, but I do a bit of rowing and gym work and I really do know something about the weight of a pull. I am sure that salmon of mine, head on against me, unhindered by any restraint about his mouth, was certainly pulling not less than sixty pounds."

"Ever try what was the straining power of your rod?" asked the other as he lighted a fresh cigar. "You could not put on more than the rod would hold, could you? You would never believe the difference there is between lifting by the hands and lifting at the end of a supple eighteen foot fishing rod."

"Well, there is something practical about that. I will get my rod and try it right here," said the other. "I should like to get this thing right, you know."

"Say, bring your best leader along with you, will you?" broke in the quiet man, "and we will work out these strain tests right to a finish, if you don't mind."

The young man soon returned with his handsome salmon rod and reel and also one of those weighing scales often found in fishing bags, which work by pulling down a graduated spring. The hook of this was stuck in a door cleat on the floor and he fastened his line to the ring at the other end of the scale.

"It only weighs up to fifty pounds," he remarked.

"I expect that will be about enough," said his friend, as the angler, from the other side of the room, wound up the slack, and began lifting steadily with the rod.

The well made joints arched themselves, and the angler panted:

"Now see what I am pulling."

"Six, yes, seven pounds, of the scales are right. Better than I expected," said the examiner.

"Stuff!" was the reply. "Here, you put on the strain to just about breaking point, but don't smash it, and let me read the scale."

It seemed incredible that so much apparent strain was caused by a weight of less than ten pounds, but so it was, and the angler wondered.

"Now test your salmon leader and get a good working idea of the amount of pull in a big fish."

The fine Spanish gut was passed through the ring of the fisherman's scale, the other end was passed

around a but joint, and the athletic young man bent his back to the strain.

"Why the wretched thing broke at eight pounds! Pretty poor stuff," he said.

"On the contrary, a very good sample," was the reply. "It is seldom you find a leader to stand eight pounds dry, though they ought always to go that far in the water."

"But look here, I most assuredly held at times, and even dragged for a bit, my twenty-eight pound fish this afternoon. And now we seem to have proved that rod and tackle would not move ten pounds."

"Precisely. Now we are getting to the root of things. You know as an athlete what a little thing, the tip of a finger, for instance, will hold up a man in the water. You see, you have to remember that ideas of weight or gravity have all to be altered when you deal with bodies under water. Remember the leaden weights in the diver's shoes to keep him down in the water."

"Frank Buckland in England experimented with salmon and found that a fish of thirty pounds out of water weighed only—I forget the figures, but it was only a few ounces when living where he belonged. Your fish weighed certainly less than a pound in the water."

"You take a pound weight and fasten it to the end of your line and see how it feels in the water and out. Remember that fish are very little heavier than water. Indeed some of them, not salmon, however, will float on top as soon as they are dead."

"Of course, there is the fighting power, the fin resisting power, of the fish to be considered. This you had to contend against, and I dare say met a strain of perhaps four pounds. It felt more than that, of course, and fishermen won't believe it is not more until they are convinced against their will. But there is the fact."

In a lecture at Yale, Henry Ward Beecher told the students to remember that "the first thing to be remembered is leisure." He cautioned them to take all the time they needed for sleep and for recreation, because "the condition of absolute integrity of mind and body is the first condition that makes for success. Browse, read, wander through the woods on one day and through the streets of the city the next."

When Silence is Golden

"That reminds me," he said; And he paused for the while When Jones shook his head With an all telling smile As Perkins went through The back cellar door where The rich Mountain Dew Was kept under the stair.

"That reminds me—" A pause Came again to dispel The rest of the clause Of the tale he would tell. For Perkins came out, And he winked his left eye; "Thur's tanz, no doubt, In the yard handy by."

"That reminds me—" But he Quickly ceased his harangue When Jones said: "B'egg! But this stuff's got the tang." And Perkins agreed With a sniff and a snort; "Ole tanz's the weed Fur this here sorter sort."

No words then offended; 'Twere sacrilege, aye, For talk to be blended With Mountain Dew gay, Whose rich aromatic Aroma arose To prick the ecstatic, Keen sense of the nose. —Horace Seymour Keller in New York Sun.

The days of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, will be: Monday, August 26th, Preparation Day; Tuesday, August 27th, Opening Day; Wednesday, August 28th, School Children's Day; Thursday, August 29th, Manufacturers' Day; Friday, August 30th, Press Day; Saturday, August 31st, Commercial Travellers' and Pioneers' Day; Monday, September 2nd, Labor Day; Tuesday, September 3rd, Stock Breeders' and Fruit Growers' Day; Wednesday, September 4th, Farmers' Day; Thursday, September 5th, Americans' Day; Friday, September 6th, Association and Review Day; Saturday, September 7th, Citizens' Day; Monday, September 9th, Get-Away-Day.

A correspondent writes as follows to New York Life:

"May I call your attention to an Old Testament prophecy of the coming and passing of the automobile?

It is found in the third chapter of Isaiah, as follows:

"15. What mean ye that ye beat, my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor?"

"18. In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments, and their round tires like the moon."

"19. The chains and the bracelets and the muffers."

"20. The bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands."

"22. The changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles and the wimples and the crisping pins."

"23. The glasses and the fine linen, and the hoods and the veils."

"24. And it shall come to pass that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle, a rent; and instead of well set hair, baldness; and burning instead of beauty."

My bonnie lies under the auto; My bonnie swears under the car. Please send to the garage for some one.

For 'tis lonesome up here where I are. —The Home Magazine.

VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.

TRADE MARKS FIRST INVENTED WHEN FEW PEOPLE COULD READ.

(Toronto World.)

Trade marks were first invented in the olden days when men would rather fight than read. When St. Crispin made the first leather shoe the shopkeeper did not put his name on the door, but he displayed some symbol or sign, so that he who ran might read. These symbols were afterwards stamped on the goods, and in time were recognized as the mark or trade mark of the merchant. Pictures are the basis of the universal language.

As a means of identification these trade marks have sometimes been accepted in modern commerce as more effective than a firm name. The trade mark is registered, patented or copyrighted by Government, and no other firm can use or sell goods bearing any marks nearly like the registered one, without being subject to a heavy penalty.

In time, a trade mark which becomes known by everybody on sight,

or a name which grows to be a household word, has a large monetary value. This is termed "Goodwill Value." An unworthy article, like an unworthy man, will change its name, and hide its face marks; while the Mark won by Merit is proudly displayed.

In Great Britain and the United States there are scores of valuable trade marks which money could not buy. Some have been valued as high as \$10,000,000; while others are unpurchasable. The development of the Canadian industries, which dates from 1878, has brought many valuable trade marks to the front. Perhaps the best known of these is the simple sign of a school slate, the trade symbol adopted by the Slater Shoe Company years ago, and since stamped on every shoe they make. The name "Slater" is always on the slate. It has been valued alone as worth a million dollars, and it is not thought that the company would part with it even at that price.

It is not the intricacy nor the artistic style of a trade mark which counts. Its value is in what it stands for with the public. If a man or woman learns by experience that the article on which the trade mark is stamped is worthy and dependable, the value of the mark grows each year. The simpler the mark, the easier it is to recall it. One other concern made famous the mark of a pair of hands. The Slate so aptly suggests "Slater" that one could not conceive a happier idea.

AMONG THE 30,000 ISLANDS OF GEORGIAN BAY.

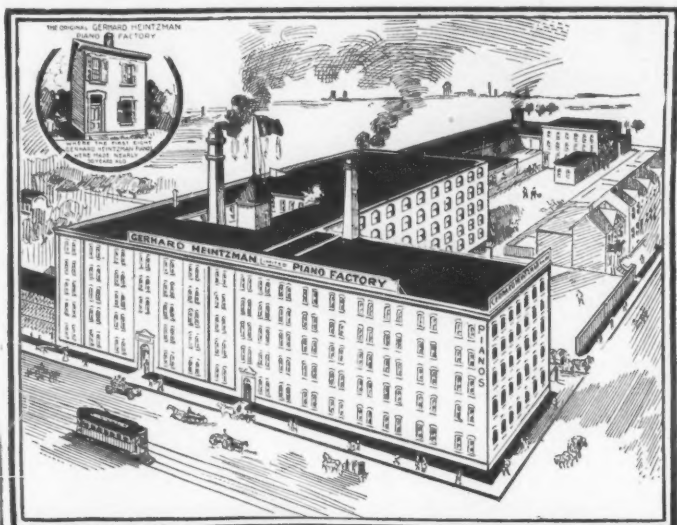
One of the grandest trips that Ontario affords is through the islands of Georgian Bay. There are more than 30,000 islands in this immense arm of Lake Huron. In general character they resemble those of the St. Lawrence river, but are infinitely more numerous and still retain their original wild picturesqueness.

Grand Trunk Express leaves Toronto at 11.45 a.m., daily except Sunday, arriving Penetang 2.45 p.m., makes direct connection with steamer City of Toronto, for trips through the picturesque Georgian Bay. This train also makes connection at Huntsville for all points on Lake of Bays. Tickets and full information may be obtained at City Office, northwest corner of King and Yonge streets.

When Buying a Piano

THE most important thing to consider when buying a piano, is who made it. Is the maker an experienced piano maker?

You can't tell much about a piano by just looking at it. You can't tell about its lasting qualities by playing on it a few times, BUT you CAN tell everything about a piano if you know the record of the maker.



Birdseye view showing the enormous plant of Gerhard Heintzman, Limited, grown to these proportions through the merits of their pianos. The small building shows where the first eight Gerhard Heintzman pianos were made, entirely by Mr. Gerhard Heintzman himself.

For nearly half a century the "Gerhard Heintzman" pianos have held the place of honor as "Canada's best piano," a record gained entirely through merit; the makers, whose lives have been spent in manufacturing pianos, can safely say that no piano of even medium grade has ever left their factory; the "best possible" has been and is their motto, so that the wonderful growth of the "Gerhard Heintzman," factory as evidenced by the above picture, is only a fitting tribute of Canadians to their favorite high grade piano.

Our exhibit at the Toronto Exhibition this year will again have special features in art pianos.

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Old Japan at Earl's Court.

Of old Japan—how far away!
We dreamed—how long ago!
We saw by twisted creek and bay
The blue plum-blossoms blow,
And dragons coiling down below,
Like dragons on a fan,
And pig-tailed sailors lurching slow
Thro' streets of old Japan.

Who knows that land—that dim blue day

Where white tea-roses grow?
("Only a penny all the way,"
They cry in Pimlico!
The 'buses rumble to and fro!)
Ah, catch one if you can,
And see the paper lanterns glow
Thro' streets of old Japan.

What need we more than youth and May

To build our Miyako?
A chuckle from the cherry-spray,
A cherub's mocking crew,
A sudden twang, a sweet swift throe
As Daisy trips by Dan,
And careless Cupid drops his bow
And laughs—from old Japan.

There in the dim blue death of day
The peach shall shed its snow,
And cherry-bloom be strewn astray
Till night be sweet snow,
Then lovers wander, whispering low,
As lovers only can,
Where rosy paper lanterns glow
Thro' streets of old Japan.

—Alfred Noyes.

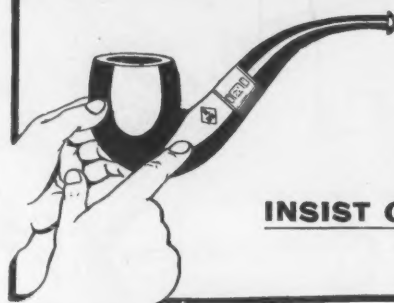
This is told of a certain young male clerk who had the habit of cutting the string with his teeth, and as a result he had to wear false teeth. The proprietor purchased a device for holding twine, which would pull the cord up out of the way when it was not in use. It so happened that this young man's sweetheart came and bought some sugar. Forgetting the automatic string-rack and his false teeth, he began biting the string, as was his wont. The string, however, caught in a crevice between the teeth, and stuck. Imagine the young man's dismay when, on his letting go of the twine, it jerked the teeth out of his head, and held them dangling aloft in sight of bystanders and all. The young man made a jump to recover them, and—failed. Flushing the deepest scarlet, he looked to see if "she"

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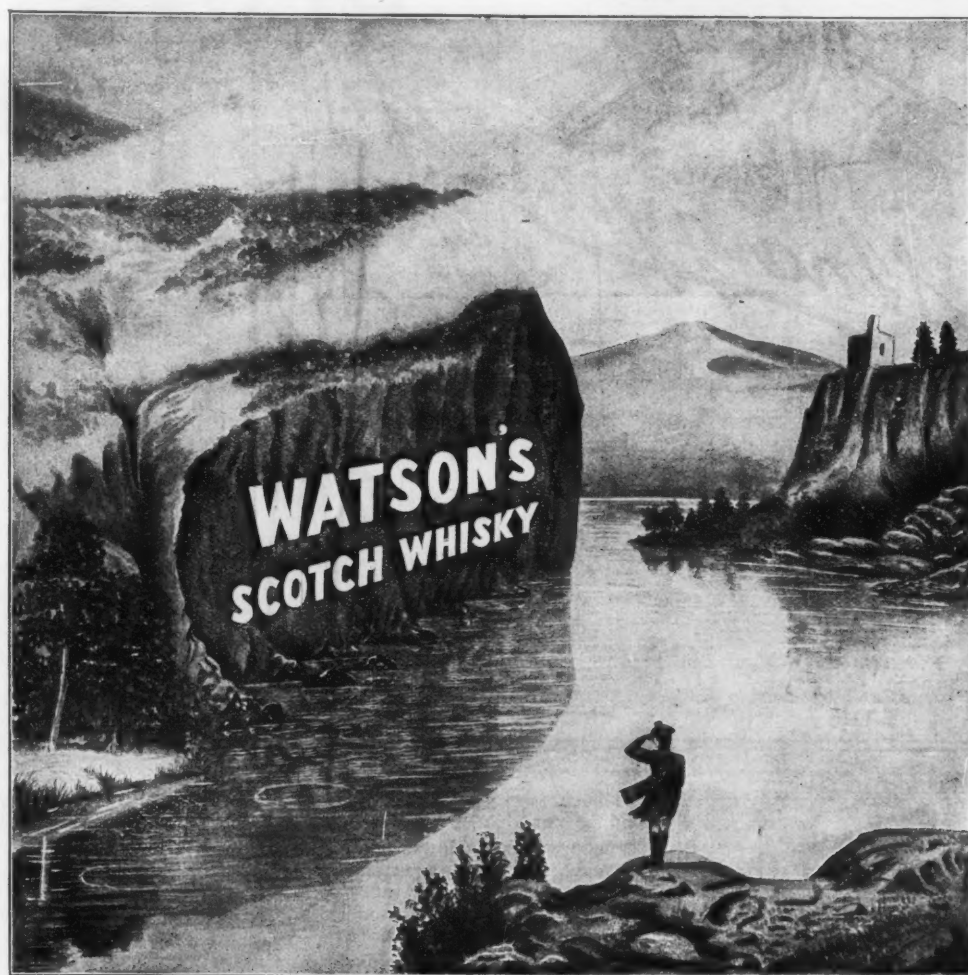
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was looking. And what was his joy to find that "she" was half-way out of the store! She had seen, but had the grace to go as soon as possible.—Christian Endeavor World.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall," etc., has come down to us from the days of King John, says the London Daily Chronicle. "The Babes in the Woods" dates from the fifteenth century, being founded upon facts, an old house near Wayland Wood, Norfolk, having the whole story in carvings on a mantelpiece. "Little Jack Horner," "Little Miss Muffett,"

"Old Mother Hubbard," "Mother Goose," and "Goosey, Goosey Gander" are each traceable to the sixteenth century. "Pussy Cat Pussy Cat, where have you been?" belongs to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. "Three Blind Mice" first appeared in a music book dated 1609. "A Froggie would a wooing go" was licensed to be sung as far back as 1650. "Boys and Girls come out to play," and "Lucy Locket lost her pocket" both hail from the period of Charles II. And last of all, "Cinderella," "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Blue Beard," and "Tom Thumb" were

published by their author, Charles Perrault, in the year 1697. And nothing since then but "Alice of Wonderland" has reached the wonderland of childhood—unless "Peter Pan" is on the wing!

Her (sighing)—Oh, I met such a lovely, polite man to-day. Him—Where was that?

Her—on the street. I must have been carrying my umbrella carelessly, for he bumped his eye into it. And I said, "Pardon me," and he said, "Don't mention it—I have another eyes left."—Cleveland Leader.